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A NEW SERIAL.

WE shall commence in an early number a new Serial Story, entitled

CAPTAIN BRAND,
OF THE
SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"
BY
LIEUT. HENRY A. WISE, U. S. N.
ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PARSONS AND LUMLEY.

We publish in this number the Fourth Journey of THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER, by CHAS. DICKENS, Esq.

Attention is requested to the great variety of the illustrations, as well as the reading matter contained in this number of the *Weekly*.

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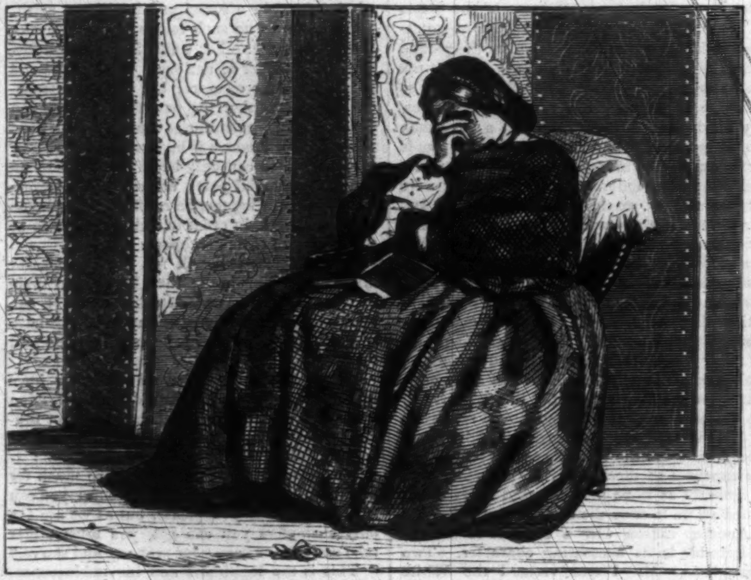


"COMES THE NEVER-FAILING ECHO—NEVER MORE!"

FLORINDA.

I.

Oh, love! thou gift divine,
Once so nobly, humbly mine:
Once so swift my coldest bidding to obey;
Oh, base, ignoble pride,
That cast the gift aside,
Like a flower idly pluck'd and thrown away.

II.

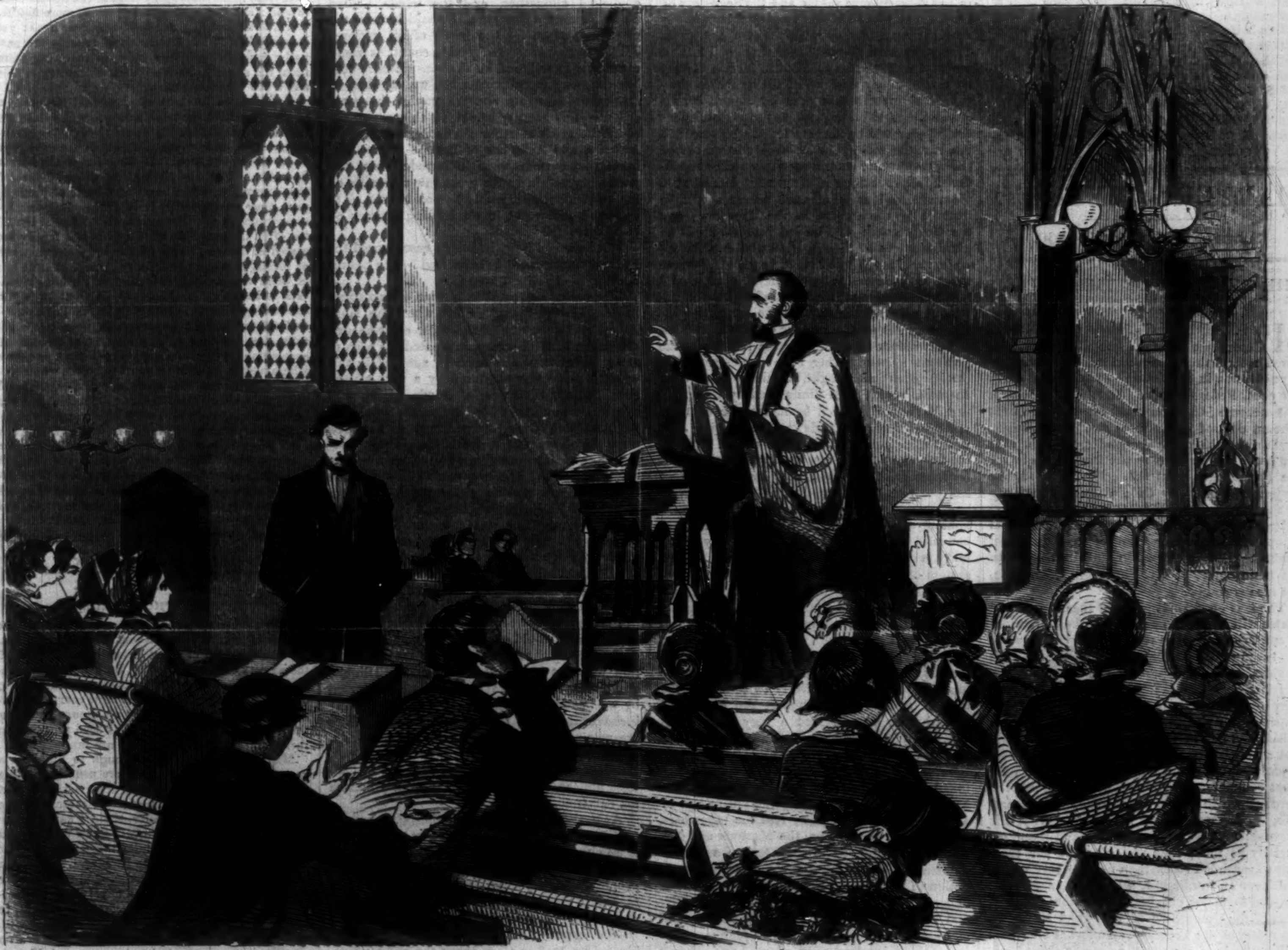
He loved her not at first,
In security accurst
I thought my power never could depart.
But, oh, with patient care
She has won my jewel rare,
And now I'm lost forever to his heart.

III.

I could tear her limb from limb,
If I thought his love a whim,
If I hoped to win a thought of his again.
But no! the time has past,
He has look'd and loved his last,
And I'd die to save his heart a moment's pain.

IV.

And his child—*her* little child!—
With those eyes so brave and mild,
Oh, would that there were poison in his kiss!
Oh, strange entangled fate,
How I love her, how I hate:
How I curse her, how I bless her for his bliss!



READING THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON TO THE DEAF MUTES AT THEIR CHURCH IN EIGHTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

V.

There are voices in the roar
Of the breakers on the shore—
There are whispers in the wash of the sea.
There are echoes in the breeze,
As it murmurs 'neath the trees,
There are faces in the stars for me.

VI.

Those solemn voices roll
Through the desert of my soul—
They chill my bleeding heart to its core.
When I pray that peace and rest
Once more may fill my breast,
Comes the never-failing echo—Never more!

PREACHING TO THE DEAF AND DUMB.

MANY of our readers may have heard of the church for deaf-mutes in Eighteenth Street in this city; but few, we presume, have witnessed its services, and all will be glad to see the faithful picture given on the preceding page.

The first services of this church were conducted by its present rector, the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, in the smaller chapel of the New York University, on the first Sunday of October, 1852. In this place it struggled for existence during five years, gradually gaining in strength and means, until its removal to the Lecture-room of the New York Historical Society Building, corner of Second Avenue and Eleventh Street. Here its prospects improved so much that it was deemed expedient to purchase, in July last, the church and parsonage in West Eighteenth Street, originally built by Christ Church. In this church its services began on the first Sunday of August, 1859. Since then it has steadily worked its way toward permanent success.

In this church are gathered adult deaf-mutes (graduates of various Institutions), their families, and others willing to promote their welfare, the Sunday services being oral at half-past ten A.M. and half-past seven P.M., and in the sign-language at three P.M. We present a sketch of the latter service as the Rector and his silent congregation appeared on Sunday afternoon, March 11. The deaf-mute young man at the lecturn was acting as clerk, giving the responses in the service according to the common Prayer-book. The rector translated on this occasion the parable of the Prodigal Son. This church is doing great good among the deaf-mute residents of this city and its vicinity. Its rector makes it his duty to visit deaf-mutes in their seasons of sickness and trouble, and to endeavor to help them to situations in which to earn their daily bread. Since he left his position as instructor in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in the fall of 1858, he has found, by personal application, situations for upward of fifty deaf-mutes.

This is the first church of its kind in the world. Within the past year a similar one has been established in London. We close this brief sketch with a list of its present vestry: C. C. Lathrop and S. R. Comstock, Wardens; George R. Jackson, W. O. Fitzgerald, Josiah Jones, John O. Bronson, M.D., C. A. Budd, M.D., Franklin Campbell, D. Reynolds Budd, and James L. Harris, Vestrymen.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1860.

THE REVENUE OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. SHERMAN, Chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, has proposed to fund the twenty odd millions of Treasury notes now in circulation by the issue of a five per cent. Federal stock. It is intimated that this measure is but the cloak for a protectionist scheme devised in the interest of the Pennsylvania iron-makers and coal-diggers, and that the party design is to secure Pennsylvania for the Republicans next fall. If this be so, the project will probably fail; a decided majority of the House of Representatives—as of all intelligent bodies in the country—are and must be opposed to the imposition of fresh duties on imports. But in the main, and in respect to the main object of Mr. Sherman's Committee, the idea is sound.

There is no present prospect that the United States will be able to pay off the debt, incurred in consequence of the revulsion of 1857, out of the revenue derived from customs duties. The imports during the present fiscal year are the heaviest ever known; yet the income which they provide will hardly suffice for the current expenditures of the civil government. As to raising the duties, that is a method which does not commend itself to any enlarged mind. Our object should be, and is, to expand, not to contract commerce; to lighten, not to increase the burdens which press upon trade. As, therefore, we can not pay our notes at maturity, it is impossible to do better than to fund them, especially as the public will give one per cent. more for funded stock than for Treasury notes.

If ever an intelligent, self-reliant, and large-minded financier obtains the position of Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, or Secretary of the Treasury, an effort at all events will be made to remedy the present absurd system on which the revenue of the Government of the United States is collected.

The whole scheme of rendering the Government income dependent on the produce of customs duties is wrong. It is wrong, firstly, because it levies toll on commerce, which it should be the aim of our Government to foster, not to tax; secondly, because it is a fluctuating source of income, sometimes so prolific that the Government is driven to use its surplus in the purchase of its bonds at an enormous premium, and sometimes so scanty that the Administration is forced to borrow at high rates of interest to defray the ordinary expense of the public service; and, thirdly, because it is an unfair, indirect, and roundabout way of raising a revenue, which might be all very well among people who are unfitted for the duties and responsibilities of self-government, but which is beneath the character of citizens of the United States.

If this country were peopled by a race of Spanish half-breeds, with no education, no means, no sense of ambition or manliness, there might be some excuse for adopting a sneaking system of taxation which takes money out of people's pockets without their feeling it. In Nicaragua, for instance, or some of the States of Mexico, one can imagine a sagacious statesman resorting to the tariff system on the ground that, though people would not pay a direct tax levied as such, they might not object to pay so much more on their tea, sugar, coffee, hides, dry goods, and hardware. Such a statesman would act upon the assumption that the people for whom he had to legislate were both ignorant and dishonest; ignorant, because if they were intelligent they would see that duties on imports were a hinderance to trade, which is a great source of wealth; and dishonest, because the adoption of indirect taxes is based on the assumption that people will not consent to bear, fairly and squarely, the cost of the government which they need. Still, in those countries, among a people naturally inferior, and degraded by many years of wretchedness and ignorance, such a scheme might be adopted as a *pis aller*. But what shall we say of the like plan here? Do the citizens of the United States require to be hood-winked and bamboozled in order to extract from them the money necessary to defray the expenses of their Government? Are they so ignorant as to be unaware that every dollar levied on trade costs the country five dollars?

Another reason why a customs revenue is undesirable is its fluctuating character. Two years before Mr. Pierce vacated the White House the Government was embarrassed by a plethora of money in the Treasury. There were at one time eighteen millions in gold lying idle in the Government vaults, and the Secretary of the Treasury had a broker employed here to buy up Government bonds at 21 per cent. premium. Five years have elapsed since then, and in that period the Government debt has increased forty millions—to say nothing of the probable deficiency of income this year. Suppose we increase the tariff on imports, as the protectionists desire, what will be the result? In 1864 or 1865 the revenue will again be largely in excess of the expenditure; enormous sums will be squandered in purchasing Government bonds at a premium; all sorts of mad schemes will be fostered by the surplus in the Treasury; and the Government will be led into all kinds of extravagances by its excessive wealth. Meanwhile these incessant changes in the tariff create much disturbance in commercial circles, and unsettle the general foreign trade of the country. One year, the imports are large, the duties in excess of the amount required, and the tariff is reduced; next year, the imports of the previous season having been excessive, fewer foreign goods are bought, and the revenue from customs, having been diminished by Congress, is still further reduced by mercantile caution, and the Government finds itself bankrupt. Just as it begins to borrow at a high rate of interest, the import trade revives, the wants of the country increase, and by the time the Government has got well into debt it is in a condition to buy up its paper, which, however, the shrewd holders will not now sell without a handsome bonus. Could there be framed, by any possibility, a more clumsy, inadequate, and absurd system of finance than this?

But, after all, the main objection to a customs revenue is the tax it levies on traffic. Like the Government postal system, it is a relic of a barbarous age. In olden time, when "landed gentlemen" made laws for Anglo-Saxons, and common traders were only too glad not to be fleeced directly twice a year, the idea of making trade support the burden of Government was deemed a very happy one. The Marquis of Westminsters and the William B. Astors of those days were especially pleased with the arrangement. Had property been taxed, the Marquis and Mr. Astor would have had to pay enough to defray the entire cost of a foreign mission or two; had the taxes been levied direct on persons, the Marquis and Mr. A. would have stood in some fear of a popular outbreak; but the neat, clever, sneaking, mean notion of making the merchants pay the whole expense of Government suited them exactly, and as they made the laws (both in England and here also, where the English plan was copied without inquiry) they adopted the scheme at once. One can readily understand their policy. It is much more difficult to comprehend how a mercantile people like the Americans can have so long submitted to so preposterous a plan. Take it in theory, and take it in practice, it is equally indefensible. In practice, Mr. William B. Astor, who is worth fifty millions, and the heirs of Stephen Whitney, who are worth twelve or fifteen, pay no more for the support of the United States Government than Jones or Brown, who each of them lives on a salary of $1500 or $2000 a year. Jones consumes in his family as much sugar, and coffee, and dry goods, and hardware, and liquors as William B. Astor in his; Brown, who has a large family, and lives as generously as his income will allow, probably consumes more than the late Whitney ever did. Is this fair? As to the theory of the system, it is absurd. Customs duties must be levied on articles of general consumption, or they will produce no revenue; and if they are levied on articles of general consumption, they will press equally on poor and rich—which is contrary to every sound economical principle of government.

If the Government of the United States were administered in a sound and intelligent spirit, there would be no such tolls as customs duties levied on traffic. For traffic is the grand fertilizer and feeder of nations. Agriculture and industry are the creators; but without mercantile activity neither the one nor the other can flourish. The agriculturist can not obtain good prices for his produce if he has not a choice of markets, which can only be afforded him by an active commercial port; nor can the manufacturer prosper if he, too, be confined to the home market. Both, in order to thrive, require to be able to say to their neighbors:

"Gentlemen, you will not buy my corn or my boots? Very well; then I will send them to France, China, or Australia, where I can obtain a reward for my labor; and you will have to get your food and your boots where you best can."

If the farmer and the manufacturer have by unwise legislation broken down the foreign trade of the country, or by heavy tariffs or other legislative impediments reduced it within narrow limits, the consumers address them:

"Gentlemen, we will give you so much for your corn and so much for your boots: you can take it or not as you please, but as we are the only customers you can get, you must either take our offer or keep your property and starve."

This is the legitimate and inevitable consequence of imposing taxes, tolls, and restrictions on foreign trade—such as customs duties.

If the customs tariff in this country were abolished altogether, and the whole United States created a free port, it would become the great emporium for the goods of all nations. All the manufacturers of foreign countries would come here to sell, and all the consumers to buy. We are not exaggerating when we say that, in these days of steam and telegraphs, the great cities of this country would, in this event, become the great mart for the trade, not only of America and Asia, but of Europe also. For, having no customs tariff to impede trade, and possessing within us the great raw materials of life and industry, it would be possible for us to undersell the world in all leading articles of commerce.

If it be asked how, in such a case, would the Federal Government be supported?—the answer is obvious—by direct taxation.

The writer was present, a year or two since, in the United States Senate when the Hon. Jefferson Davis, one of the most clear-headed statesmen in the country, intimated his wish to see a system of direct taxation adopted in this country. He was answered by a very worthy man, Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, who sneeringly inquired where the people would get the gold and silver to pay taxes, as he knew many localities where those metals were unknown, and inconvertible bank-notes were the only currency. We are unable to designate the localities to which the Senator referred, but if there be any such, we think it is high time that a violent reform were introduced into their currency systems, and we can not conceive any better way of achieving it than by the adoption of a Federal scheme of taxation. There are, it is commonly supposed, no less than $250,000,000 of coined gold, silver, and copper in circulation in the United States. It is not likely that the Government would ever hold over $25,000,000 of this at any time. Senator Simmons's objection will not hold water. Missouri, Illinois, and one or two other Western States are cursed by wild-cat banks, whose notes are practically inconvertible; but the people of these States are waging a vigorous war against these pests, and in a year or two they will be crushed out. Besides, even now, gold is never dearer at Chicago and St. Louis than 1½ per cent. premium for currency.

As to the difficulty of accustoming the people to direct taxes, we say, in the first place, there is no city or county in the country (the State of Camden and Amboy alone excepted) where the people do not pay some city, or county, or State taxes; if they pay these, why should they object to pay taxes to the General Government? In the second place, if, after all the brag and bluster we hear so often about the extraordinary and God-given capacity of our race for self-government, we don't know enough to pay the cost of our Government in a straightforward way, out of our own pockets, in gold and silver, then it is high time that the fact were known and proclaimed aloud. If we are such a miserable sneaking people that we won't pay our debts if they are presented to us fairly and squarely, but can be cheated into paying them in an underhand, indirect way, in the guise of a customs duty, it is of the first importance that the public should be made aware of the fact, and that historians and philosophers should be set on their guard.

We throw out these suggestions without any idea that they will be acted upon immediately, or for some time to come. But whenever the Treasury Department or the Committee on Ways and Means falls into the hands of an Independent thinker, then, perhaps, the obsolete absurdity of a Customs Revenue may be exploded.

HARRIET MARTINEAU ON SEWING.

I WISH the people of a higher and a lower class, and Americans and other foreigners, could be made to understand how much domestic business is actually transacted by middle-class women in England. I do not like the discredit of the popular notion that our English girls are too genteel to understand how to cook, and to do shopping, and manage the house. Whether the business is properly done or not, women should insist on its being regarded as a duty, that there may be the better chance for its being done. If the daughter we are now contemplating is a rational girl, she will presently be in possession of the key-basket, and getting into training under her mother. She will be up early (thereby insuring the early rising of the servants), and off to the fishmonger's, or the vegetable market—having the benefit of an early choice of good things. She will have planned with her mother the dinners of the week (with a margin for unexpected occurrences); and therefore, when she has made breakfast, she is ready for her conference with the cook. She chooses to know how to do every thing that she requires to be done; and, as far as may be, by experience. She experiments upon cakes and puddings; and the syllabubs, tarts, and preserves are of her making, till she is satisfied of her proficiency. The linen in the housemaid's department is under her care, and it will be her fault if a table-cloth has a jagged corner, or the sheets a slit in the middle. These matters, so far, occupy very little time, while they afford more or less of exercise and amusement to a healthy mind.

The sewing is another affair. It is still the curse of girlhood in too large a portion of the middle class. There can hardly be another woman in that class more thoroughly fond of the needle than myself: and few, probably, have done more needle-work, of all kinds, in the course of their lives: yet it is my belief that thousands of parents are actually cruel to their daughters in requiring from them the amount of needle-work customary in this and a few other countries.

Fathers and brothers suppose that the women of the household are to sit down to make linen for the house and its inhabitants every day after breakfast, and to stick to the work all day, as the men do to their business. If they knew the strain upon the nerves, and the general unhealthiness of the occupation, when a certain limit of hours is past, they would forbid it as peremptorily as intemperance in stimulating novels. I fear it is still too often the case that all the girls of a family are seated at the work-table all day long, except when at meals, or when taking a walk; and that no one of them can attempt to steal half an hour's solitude in her own room without being sent for to join the sewing-party. There may be reading aloud—and this is a great improvement upon perpetual talk; but the need of solitude, and of freedom of occupation, is too often forgotten in households where needle-work is assumed to be the whole employment, if not the whole duty, of women. I could say much more under this head; but the advent of the sewing-machine supersedes much remonstrance and preaching. It will not, happily, take the needle out of women's hands, because there is much delicate and critical work which it can not do; but it will soon put an end to the slavery to the needle, under which so many English girls grow crooked, and sallow, and nervous, and miserable.

H. MARTINEAU.

THE LOUNGER.

PALMS WITHOUT THORNS.

IT sometimes happens that a man has all the honors of martyrdom without any of the pains. He has the halo of Saint Sebastien, but none of the arrows eating his flesh. Both he and his reported persecutors, being unconscious of any thing but the kindest feeling and the most courteous conduct toward each other, they sit secure and hear the noise of the battle which has been provoked in their names, but of which they are innocent.

Men who are sagacious enough to build up a great and prosperous business are usually sensible enough to see that the result is achieved by a strict attention to the laws of trade. A merchant who should say to a fellow-trader, "Sir, I can not buy these bales of goods of you until I know whether you are sound upon the Augustinian theology—whether you prefer German music to Italian—whether you are a free-trader or protectionist—and whether you think 'Adam Bede' as good a novel as 'John Halifax,'" would be a very unsuccessful merchant, to say the least.

For a man's views upon subjects that have no relation to the matter in hand are as much his private property as his coat. If Dickens's publishers should inform him that they would print no more stories for him if he persisted in wearing a hat instead of a cap, Dickens, as a large creditor, would probably sue out a writ *de lunatico*, for he would be very sure that the worthy men had gone mad.

Whoever buys this paper, *Harper's Weekly*, buys it because he thinks he shall get his money's worth, or he is a very foolish fellow to buy it at all. The people who write the articles and draw the pictures which it contains are of all countries, sexes, ages, conditions, habits, tempers, manners, tastes, and opinions. But when they co-operate in the preparation of the paper they have but one aim, and that is to be agreeable. If they joke, or describe, or sing, or moralize, or satirize, or criticise, or speculate, or teach, they intend to do so agreeably. If they do not, you, discriminating reader, will not buy the paper. Now suppose that you knew all the people who contribute to make a single number of the *Weekly*—suppose you had discovered that you agree with them upon every possible subject of human thought—and then suppose that what they wrote for your amusement was execrably dull—would you buy the paper? No, not if you were a discriminating reader.

Then suppose that you differed upon great subjects, but that they pleased you in what they wrote, and had the good manners not to introduce the topics of difference, are you going to cut your own nose off to spite yourself? Gentle Sir, prithee be entreated. You are discovered. You are the author of that celebrated programme, "*The Universe;* a new and popular magazine. First number will be issued on the first day of April. The largest sums will be paid for entertaining contributions. N.B.—*All persons who do not dance—who weigh more than a hundred and thirty pounds—who prefer quill pens to steel—or who are color-blind, need not apply.*" You would be as wise in making those conditions as a railroad company in engaging engineers upon the same terms, and no wiser.

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ONE HEAD.

IT is a wise provision of nature that the human body is made with one head. For what ludicrous confusion there would needs be if there were two wills to direct the action of the same body. The advantage of this single headship has been always acknowledged in military discipline. It is the key of the whole. It is the same in farming, in manufactures, where one man controls, and the individual workers, by a perfectly faithful metaphor, are called hands. Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander, Napoleon, Washington, were the directing brain of the action of nations. The latter, indeed, held councils of war, but the will of the General is supreme over the whole, and the parts are all absolutely subject to their several heads. To disobey, to strike an officer, is death. It is the fundamental rule of all discipline of men, and of all success by combined human action. So in the June days of '48 in Paris, the Government was defeated so long as Lamartine and his companions had equal powers of command; it was not until they had resigned, and the single clear head of Cavaignac directed the whole, that the disturbance was quelled, and the republic restored. Cavaignac was not made dictator, but in his department he was supreme.

Now a police is a civil army. It can no more be efficiently directed by half a dozen heads than a regiment can be commanded by as many generals. It must have one will to control it, made as responsible as you please, but supreme within its reasonable sphere. That is what has been forgotten in the recent action of the Police Commissioners in this city. The proof of it is here, that if a threatening riot should suddenly arise, the Commissioners, by the necessity of the case, would invest their Superintendent with uncontrolled powers.

Undoubtedly a Superintendent is subordinate to the Commission. But undoubtedly also, he can be justly removed only when he fails to perform the duties incident to his position, not when he protests against the interference of the Commission in discharging them. A gardener is responsible to his employer for the general care and skill with which he takes care of the garden; but if the employer incessantly removes the plants and paralyzes the whole method of the gardener, a self-respecting, intelligent man will resign his situation. And as you ascend in the scale of importance of employment, you find the probabilities of resignation increased. If the object of a Police Commission be the preservation of public order, it is surely not a wise thing to compel an able and faithful officer to resign by insisting upon interfering with the details of the discharge of his duty. If, however, the object of a Police Commission be something else—if it be, for instance, party discipline, and not public order—the Commission is undoubtedly the best judge of the method by which that end can be attained.

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DEMOCRACY, DIRT, AND DISCOMFORT.

THE faithful student of the Latin Grammar remembers that pretty proverb, *Fas est ab hoste doceri*—a wise man learns of his enemy. Now English travelers and critics are not our enemies; but they occasionally see and say things very distinctly, which many of us see as plainly but are not so ready to say, and which a great many among us suppose are not seen because they are not said. In fact, there is probably as little individual independence among Americans as among the citizens of countries which are not the greatest and most glorious of all countries in creation—as this country is. The foreigners who have crossed the sea, and who, upon their return, have laughed at our spitting, and bragging, and other minor offenses, are viewed as public enemies. Mrs. Trollope, for instance, and Captain Hall, and even Dickens—who objected to being regarded as a prize porker—have all fallen under our severe censure. Undoubtedly they said a great many foolish and flat things, and often ludicrously attributed to our political philosophy what was merely a solecism in good manners. Frequently, too, their profounder criticisms were so shallow and unjust that we were blind, through indignation, to their more reasonable remarks.

Thus one of the most unimportant of all the gentlemen who have come over to shoot buffalo—Mr. Grantley F. Berkeley—has been writing letters to some sporting journal, in which he apparently takes his revenge upon the whole country, because some Western railroad company did not transport hunting-dogs as Mr. Grantley F. Berkeley thought hunting-dogs ought to be transported. The chances undoubtedly are in favor of his knowing more about the matter than the company. But his criticisms upon our general habits and the spirit of our society and government do not show that in other and perhaps equally important matters the chances are in favor of his superior knowledge. And yet among his minor observations there are one or two worth attention, as indications of a very general popular error. For instance, he says, in a very ill-mannered way, but not without a little sting of truth:

> "Lumbering along rails, tyrannizing over all other wheeled conveniences, there you have a cheap omnibus; and when I demur at being shut up with 'Rowdies' and 'Boh-hoys,' all of them spitting in chorus between their knees, my democratic friend, who shows me the town, assures me that in this land of freedom there can be but one price and one vehicle for all."

This remark of his democratic friend was not particularly apt in the city, because any one who chooses can take a carriage and avoid the public conveyance. But it is true enough as applied to the great railroad lines. And another observer—the author of one of the most sagacious and valuable books ever written upon this country, a writer as different from Mr. Berkeley as a man of great intelligence, who comes to study the secret of the amazing prosperity and progress of this nation, is from one who comes to shoot buffalo—Mr. James Stirling—says, in 1857:

"The popular notion of equality is no less superficial than that of Liberty. The Democrat * * * is not satisfied with essential equality; he must have an outward monotony of condition. The people must all ride in the same car, and sit at the same table, and vote at the same polling-place. * * * Why should not a poor man consent to ride in a less luxurious car, paying a proportionate fare, as well as live in a less luxurious house, paying a proportionate rent?"

To understand the full force of such a criticism it is necessary to know the singularly sympathetic and intelligent spirit of Mr. Stirling's book. Thus, did he have Dickens and Mr. Jefferson Brick in mind, when he wrote:

"The stereotyped ideal of a Yankee editor in the vulgar English mind, is a literary ruffian, with a pen in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other, stabbing, indifferently with either weapon, whosoever dares to differ from him. You call on him, and find a scholar and a gentleman, who has probably traveled from one end of Europe to the other. This is an instance, among a thousand, of the extreme difficulty of estimating aright the civilization of a people so progressive."

Both these travelers have the sense to see—the one sneeringly, the other sagaciously—that there is a despotic public opinion in this country, which takes its character from a mean misapprehension of the democratic principle—a sort of d—n-your-eyes-I-am-as-good-as-you-are spirit, which tends to degrade every thing to the level of the lowest intelligence. Let a man, for instance, step into a car on the night train, upon any railroad. It is a black-hole of horror—fetid with the poisonous exhalations of two or three score lungs, offensive to every sense, destructive of comfort, and deleterious to health. He would willingly pay twice the fare for a clean, cool, comfortable place to sit in and rest. Yet if any company should make distinctions of price and place, except that between the emigrant and the first-class car, how the people who availed themselves of the preference offered would be denounced as "stuck-up aristocrats!" And yet for what is money valuable except for what it buys? And if a man is not a pampered minion of wealth and pride because he wears calf-skin boots instead of cow-skin, why should he be so considered if he prefer to breathe fresh air, and to pay more for it, rather than suffocate in the odors of the bodies, and lungs, and clothes, and cheese, and pea-nuts, and frizzled apple-parings, and saliva of forty or fifty other people?

The despotism of one ignorant man is bad, but that of a million ignorant men is a million times worse.

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A LETTER TO ——.

DEAR LITTLE MISS,—You are fond of music, are you not?—for if not, why do you go to the rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society? If you *do* like it, you will listen while the orchestra plays. If you do not, you will have the politeness to keep silent, and let those hear who wish to.

I, for instance, dear little Miss, pay five dollars a year for the privilege of hearing Beethoven, and Mozart, and Haydn, and Mendelssohn, and Weber—I do *not* pay it to hear you cackle and tattle. When you sit by my side, with half a dozen other dear little Misses of both sexes, and giggle, and snicker, and whisper, and rustle, you are a dear little band of highway robbers, swindling me out of the music I have paid for.

I said *swindling*, dear little Miss.

Why does not your mother or your responsible nurse keep you at home? No person of tender years should be permitted to go alone into places of public resort until he knows at least the rudiments of good manners. You do not, dear little Miss. You are an utterly under-bred and vulgar person. Because you wear tolerably fine clothes, and because the young men like your pretty face, you think that what you and your set do is all right. Little Miss, it is all wrong.

For instance, the other day at the rehearsal, when your tittering and gabbling became intolerable, I turned to you, and asked you, in a perfectly polite way, if you would please allow me to hear the music. Do you remember what you did? You stared at me for a moment with an insolent boldness, which you meant to look like crushing contempt and superb disdain, and then you rattled on faster than ever. Are you aware that you were deplorably vulgar in so doing? It showed such a poor, thin, shallow character—such weak conceit—such miserable selfishness—that I pitied you; but I wanted to hear the music, so I left you. And, dear little Miss, if that kind of selfishness is the key-note of your conduct all through your life, you will constantly see people getting up and leaving you.

Don't do so, dear. If you want to flirt, stay outside. If you are afraid of losing the men, tell them that they must be silent during the music, and they will stick to you like her subjects to Maria Teresa. (She was Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary, my dear. Her Hungarian nobles said, "*Moriamur pro nostro rege.*" It was the Latin way of saying that they would die for her.) If you say to a youth who insists upon talking, "Frederick, or Robert, or Henry, or Thomas, there are some persons who wish to hear the music, although I had rather talk with you," you will discover immediately whether he be a gentleman or not. And do you wish to associate with those who are not? Yes, of course you do. Do you ask how I know? Because, dear little Miss, your conduct the other day showed that you were not a lady.

You see, dear, we have had quite enough of this business. You and the other girls and boys have fairly taken possession of the concert-room—and it is not a concert that we hear, but only your whispering. The next time that I am disturbed by you I shall cry out: "Mr. Bergmann, please stop the playing until we can remove a very vulgar, silly, little girl, who disturbs every body in her neighborhood by giggling and gabbling."

I hope you will think of these things, for I am really your friend.

THE LADY IN THE BLUE BONNET.

The above extraordinary letter has been intrusted to the Lounger to reach its destination. He hopes sincerely that it will do so. It seems to be addressed only to dear little Miss ——; but he knows so many of that address!

◆

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—FREDERICK. The poem "Tristram and Iseult" is by Matthew Arnold, son of the late Dr. Arnold, and now Regius Professor of Poetry at Oxford, England. The poem is divided into three parts—Tristram, Iseult of Ireland, and Iseult of Brittany. Arnold has published two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, and one volume containing the poem of "Merope."

DOOMED TO DEATH.

BY AN EX-CHAPLAIN TO A JAIL.

THE thoughts of almost every man condemned to die by the law are taken up with, and concentrated upon, the hope of a reprieve. Notwithstanding that in many cases the doomed person is ready to admit the justice of his sentence—although I have my doubts whether there is much genuine candor in that statement, and am of opinion that it is commonly made with some dim piteous notion of exciting commiseration, and eventually pardon—yet, it being in the power of his brother-men to save his life, the taking of it seems to him to be an action absolutely monstrous and incredible. That the prison authorities, the government, the nation, the whole world, should quietly suffer him to be led out under the open sky to be put to death—to be hung by the neck till he is dead—appears to him not only revolting, but (although he knows it has happened to hundreds of others before him) a thing utterly inconceivable. He shuts his eyes to the fate awaiting him as long as he can, almost always up to the last night he has to live, very often up to the moment when he sets his foot upon the scaffold itself. I believe that, in the majority of cases, the entire energies of the unfortunate wretch are directed to this one impossible attempt of gaining a reprieve. I mistrust for the most part, I am sorry to say, even his willing acceptance of my good offices, of my fervent endeavors to call his attention to more important matters. "More important?" thinks he. "What *can* be more important to a man than the question of whether he is to die on Monday, Tuesday, to-morrow, in an hour perhaps—or whether he is to Live?"

Mary B—— was condemned to death for the murder, by poison, of her own sister, for whose husband she had conceived a guilty passion. There was no doubt of her having committed the crime, or of her having deserved the punishment. She had, when I first saw her, nearly a week to live, it being about that time to the ensuing Monday. She told me, in our first interview, of how many minutes that space consisted—for she had been allowed a pencil, with which (closely watched lest she should swallow it) she had made the calculation—and "*there are one hundred and twenty gone!*" she whispered with a shudder, when I took my first leave of her. The female jailer told me that, during this poor creature's last two or three days, whenever the great jail-clock struck the hour overhead, she would scream like one in pain; and upon waking in the mornings, would ask with eagerness what time it was, and then bemoan herself that she had slept so late. Those hours—passed in a miserable cell, shut out from any sight of the green earth (for it was mid-July), and almost every sound, except that the hum of the town beneath came up thither to remind her of the world with which she was never more to mix—must surely have been wretched indeed; and yet her cry was, "Oh, that they might be again!" Notwithstanding her evident agony at the thoughts of her approaching end, she actually attempted to anticipate it by some twenty-four hours by suicide; or rather, I think, she pretended to attempt it, with some faint notion that such an evidence of her utter misery might procure her pardon; for these miserable persons always imagine, in their frenzied terror, that the governor, the chaplain, nay, the very jailer himself, has power in the matter, and could get them off, or at least respited, if he pleased. How often, when I have been leaving some poor wretch's cell with the comfortable hope that what had been so greedily listened to by the ear, may have taken root in the heart also, have I been suddenly made conscious of the *real motive* that had actuated my unhappy convert, by his plucking my sleeve, and whispering in a tone of heartfelt earnestness which there was *no* mistaking: "And you will tell them that I am penitent, chaplain; and that it will do no harm to let me live;" or by some assurance reiterated for the thousandth time that he is an innocent man. All those who have had any experience in this matter perceive the folly of the assertion that penal servitude, or any other punishment that can be possibly devised, is, or can be, equally dreaded with that of death itself. Men fear it every whit as much as women, who commonly fall after their sentence into a kind of stupor; and the case of Mary B—— was by no means worse than that of male convicts I have known. When not in a state of agonized despair, "The king!" "The good king!" "The merciful king!" was perpetually in her mouth; and if he could only know of her condition, she expressed her confidence that he would have saved her. Her cell-door was never opened unexpectedly without her looking up at it with an air of hopeful eagerness. Again, with a curious inconsistency, she would sometimes ask the minutest questions regarding the place of execution; whether it was in the prison-yard, or on the hill behind the jail; and on being told the latter, inquired how many persons it was likely would be there to see "it." She always spoke of her execution as "it." Her last night she spent at the bars of her cell-window, drinking in the quiet of the stars, and taking farewell, as it seemed, of their ineffable beauty. But this phase of her conduct was exceptional; and I believe that from the hour of her conviction to that of her death, the thought of a reprieve was never out of her waking mind for many consecutive minutes. When she slept, however, poor girl—for she was scarcely a grown woman—she dreamed of the days of her innocence; generally, as she told me, of her childhood; and her last look upon the scaffold was directed behind her, toward the jail, whence, as she knew, a reprieve, if reprieve there was, must necessarily come.

The case of Robert S——, under sentence of death at the same time, exhibited a marked contrast to that of this unfortunate woman. He had been convicted of burglary with violence, and there having been a previous conviction recorded against him the law, as it then stood, would most certainly take its course. He seemed fully to understand and even acquiesce in this. The law and he, as it seemed to him, had been open enemies all his life, and at last the law had got the better of him. When the judge had told him to dismiss from his mind all hope of earthly pardon he did dismiss it. I always found him, if not resigned and penitent, at least respectful and uncomplaining. He was grossly ignorant of religion, as of almost every thing else; but he was not one of those stupid phlegmatic boors who form most of his class. He showed a lively and laudable desire to leave something behind him for those who had been mainly dependent for subsistence upon him. The course he took to accomplish this would have been impossible in these days, but it was very common then. I was cognizant of the matter without either assisting or opposing it. The prisoner asked leave of the jailer to send for a surgeon, in order that he might dispose of his body to him before execution, and his request was acceded to. Mr. M——, of our assize town, accordingly had an interview with the convict; he had a reputation more than provincial, and was exceedingly assiduous in the pursuit of his darling profession. He was indeed pretty well known as a buyer of bodies, and I guessed what he had come about when I saw him leave Robert S——'s cell on the eve of the fatal day. He had, it seemed, given the poor fellow a sovereign, but declined to have any dealings with him regarding the proposed purchase. I was rather surprised to hear this, but asked no questions about it at that time. The next day Robert S—— was executed in pursuance of his sentence, and buried within the prison walls. He was perfectly quiet and self-possessed to the last, and never appeared to me to have entertained any hope of escaping his fate. And yet the case had been in reality quite otherwise.

Meeting Mr. M—— a few weeks afterward at the house of a friend, he informed me of his reasons for not purchasing the body of Robert S——.

"The fact is," said he, "I bought that poor fellow's carcass once before. He was hung for burglary two years ago in the next county, and was carried to my house after execution. He frightened Mrs. M—— a good deal that night by the noise he made with his returning animation. It was annoying, of course, but my trade being to cure, and not to kill, I was obliged to do what I could for him, and he was well in a fortnight; and yet that lesson, severe as it was, had, you see, no effect upon him, and he has now been hung in real earnest. He did not know that I was to be the doctor sent for, and was taken terribly aback when he saw me. The rascal had never returned me my ten pounds, you see, and I was not going to pay for the same thing twice over. I should have declined any further dealings with him, besides, since his manner assured me that he had some device in his head of escaping the hangman yet. I have found out what that was now, for, between ourselves, I did get the body after all. He did not trust to chance, which through the mismanagement of the rope saved him on the former occasion, but had provided himself with a silver tube—a thing not of the slightest use, poor fellow! but which many of his class put an implicit trust in—which he managed to keep about him, and to place unobserved in his throat on the fatal morning. I found it there myself."

Thus, even in the case which I had judged to be an exception to the general rule, the one cause of apparent fortitude in the person irrevocably doomed to death was the secret hope of escaping it.

SENATOR TOOMBS, OF GEORGIA.

Robert Toombs, a United States Senator from Georgia, is emphatically one of the representative men of the republic. As Carlyle said of Danton: "No hollow formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, ghastly to the natural sense, was this; but a very man—free from the dross of cant—fiery, real; from the great fire-bosom of Nature himself." Like the revolutionist statesman of France, he is no idle theorist; no speculative, dreamy philosopher; no man of words when the time for action has arrived. His intellect, his passions, his comprehensions, his actions—all are prominent as are the rugged outlines of his features—massive as the stalwart proportions of his form—in striking contrast with those around him on the floor of the Senate.

Mr. Toombs, like many other citizens who have made themselves memorable by their public services, is the son of a Virginian, although we do not find his name on the genealogies of the "first families" of that glorious Old Dominion. His father, having marched Southward during the War of the Revolution, to aid in repelling a foreign foe, settled in Wilkes County, Georgia, where Robert was born, on the 2d of July, 1810. Early associations often have a powerful effect, and it is not at all improbable that the father's recital of his campaigns against the British, or the Indians who yet lingered around the borders of civilization, inspired the son with patriotism and with courage. Brought up with simple, industrious, honest surroundings, young Toombs was emphatically a child of the people; and he has ever reflected the energy, the enthusiasm, the love of home, the stern courage, and the contempt for every thing mean, which characterized the pioneer settlers of the South and of the Southwest.

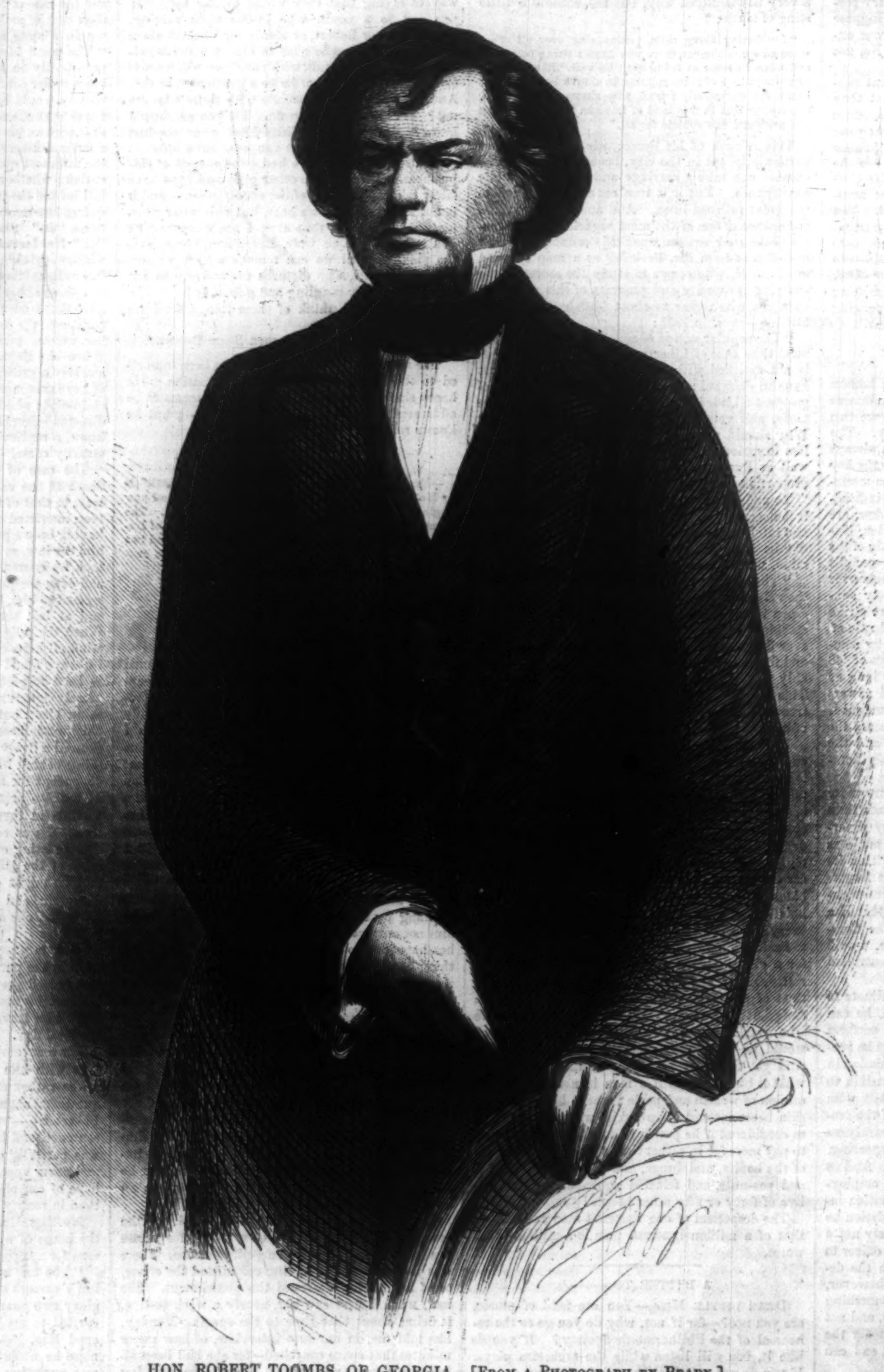
From an excellent mother (who was his father's third wife) young Toombs received the rudiments of education, and at an early age he evinced quickness of apprehension, with ability to retain and to apply what he was taught. Having gone through the requisite academical studies, he entered the University of Georgia, at Athens. While in the senior class, he went to Union College, at Schenectady, in the State of New York, where he graduated.

In 1829 Mr. Toombs (not having attained the legal age) was admitted to practice law under a special act of the Legislature of Georgia, and he at once proved himself sound as a counselor and able as an advocate. While sustaining the causes of his clients with great zeal, he displayed an unimpeached and unimpeachable honesty of purpose, a strong sense of justice, and a determination *to wrong no man*, which soon gave him a commanding position at the bar. Never, it is said, would he undertake a case which he did not believe, after examination, to be just and honorable; and this, doubtless, is the secret of his invariable success. Fortune crowned his labors, and by carefully investing his receipts, generally in unsettled lands, the poor boy became a wealthy man.

In 1836 Mr. Toombs was elected captain of a company of volunteers, at the head of which he hastened to join the force congregated to hold in check the Creek Indians, under Neahmathla, who had been instigated by the success of the Seminoles to commence hostilities. By the prompt concentration of regular and of volunteer troops, under the command of General Scott, the campaign was of brief duration.

In 1837 Mr. Toombs was elected to the Georgia House of Representatives, in which he sat (with the exception of the session of 1841) until he was elected to Congress in 1845. Originally a Democrat, he had turned from General Jackson after the promulgation of the Proclamation against the South Carolina Nullifiers, and joined the State Rights party of Georgia, which recognized Governor Troup as its leader, and as the expounder of its principles. Loyal to the Constitution of the Confederated States in all its expressly defined grants of power, and conceding the right of the Chief Magistrate to execute the authority so delegated, the State Rights' or "Troup Men" of Georgia sternly resisted that latitude of construction which might consolidate power at Washington, until Republicanism would crystallize in monarchy. But Mr. Toombs was not a disciple of Calhoun's. While admiring the glittering generalities and abstract theories of the gifted South Carolinian, the young Georgia legislator advocated Material Progress! While a member of the House, he exerted himself manfully and successfully in the establishment of that system of internal improvements which has placed Georgia foremost among Southern States. He was the advocate and the founder of the system of public education adopted in Georgia, and so much better calculated than the system of New England to secure a general attendance of the children of the poor.

In 1845 Mr. Toombs was elected a Representative to the Congress of the United States, defeating Hon. Edward J. Black, who had represented the District since 1838. He was classed among the State Rights' Whigs, and in a speech delivered on the tariff in the Senate a year or two since, he referred to his first effort in the House, which was in favor of the tariff of '46. "The principle of that act," said he, in his more recent speech, "was to discriminate for the protection of the industry of the country; and as far as that bill did it, it met my approbation then, and does now. I would levy twice the duty on sugar that I would on coffee, because coffee is not raised in this country. I would levy duty on an article raised by my own countrymen. In laying taxes for revenue, I would rather do it so as to benefit my countrymen than put them on what would not benefit them. These are the principles I have acted on through life. I have read and studied this question as thoroughly as I am capable of, and these are my opinions to-day."



HON. ROBERT TOOMBS, OF GEORGIA.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

While partially associated with the Whig party, Mr. Toombs never acknowledged fealty to either "caucus" or "convention;" and he was ever opposed to the increasing power, patronage, and influence of the Executive Department.

In 1850 Mr. Toombs united with Mr. Howell Cobb (now Secretary of the Treasury) and other Democrats in the formation of a "Constitutional Union Party," based on the "Compromise Measures," which he had supported in Congress. In February, 1851, he wrote that, "apart from the question of Slavery, another great question is rising up before us, and becoming a 'fixed fact' in American politics. It is and has the will of a majority, sometimes called the *higher law*, in antagonism to our constitutional compact. If the first succeeds, we have no other safety except in secession; if the latter, 'Liberty and Union may be forever one and inseparable.' In all these questions it is our true policy to stand by those who agree with us—repudiate those who differ from us."

In April, 1852, at a caucus of the Whig members of Congress, called to make arrangements for a National Convention, resolutions were introduced by Messrs. Marshall, of Kentucky, and Gentry, of Tennessee, declaring that the Whig nominees for President and Vice President should be pledged to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law and other "Compromise" measures. The caucus referred the subject to the National Convention, where Mr. Fillmore, who was friendly to the "Compromise" measures, was defeated by General Scott, whose friends were opposed to them. This was proven by a test vote soon afterward in the House of Representatives, where all of the supporters of General Scott voted against resolutions indorsing the Compromise. But twelve Northern Whigs—all of them friends either of Mr. Fillmore or of Mr. Webster—voted "Aye!" Thenceforth the Whig party was virtually dissolved.

Mr. Toombs was the first seceder, and he defined his position in an able speech on the third of July, when he reviewed the action of both parties, indorsing the principles of neither one, but commending the Democratic nominees—Pierce and King. Against the election of General Scott he took decided ground, urging the Union Whigs by all honorable ways and means to defeat him. "If we succeed," said he, "we shall have 'conquered a peace,' a lasting, enduring peace; and whatever may be the result, we shall have done our duty to ourselves, our principles, and our country."

This fearless opposition to party rule was acceptable to the people of Georgia, who elected Mr. Toombs to fill the seat occupied by Hon. Robert M. Charlton, who had been appointed after the resignation of Hon. John M'Pherson Berrien.

At the commencement of the administration of General Pierce, Senator Toombs was dissatisfied with his course. At a barbacue gotten up at Oglethorpe, to welcome the Senator back to Georgia after the adjournment of Congress, he made a speech in which he denounced the President as having violated the pledges of his inaugural. "If," said the Senator, "he was honest in his profession, how dare he trifle with his official duties, and outrage public opinion by conferring important offices, at home and abroad, on notorious free-soilers and abolitionists?" The Kansas-Nebraska bill, however, changed the Senator's opinion of the President, and since then he has acted with the Democratic party, although he has never worn its harness. Although he has on several occasions eulogized President Buchanan, he did not hesitate to denounce the message justifying the seizure of William Walker by Commodore Paulding on foreign soil, and he characterized the act as "a usurpation of authority not granted by the Constitution or laws, but in derogation of both."

In advocating the adoption of the Lecompton Constitution Senator Toombs explicitly stated that he was not at all fearful of endangering the interests of the South, neither did he seek the aid of Northern politicians to sustain her domestic institutions. "The Slave States," said he, "will take care of themselves."

In advocating the acquisition of Cuba Senator Toombs declared that he was not actuated by a desire to add one more Slave State to the Union, or to increase the slave-holding vote in Congress.

"I never," said he, "considered that I held my rights of property by the votes of Senators. It is too feeble a tenure. If I did, I have shown by my votes that I have not feared them. Whenever any State, Minnesota or Oregon, or any other came, no matter where from, if she came on principles which were sufficient, in my judgment, to justify her admission into this great family of nations, I have never refused her the right hand of fellowship. I did not inquire whether you had seventeen or eighteen Free States. If you had fifty it would not alter my vote. The idea of getting one Slave State would have no effect on me. But Cuba has fine ports, and with her acquisition we can make first the Gulf of Mexico, and then the Caribbean Sea, a *mare clausum*. Probably younger men than you or I will live to see the day when no flag shall float there except by permission of the United States of America. That is my policy. I rose more with a view to declare my policy for the future, that development, that progress throughout the tropics was the true, fixed, unalterable policy of the nation, no matter what may be the consequences with reference to European Powers."

As a statistician, especially on every subject connected with the revenues and the expenditures of the General Government, Senator Toombs has no superior in Congress. He is thoroughly "posted up" on the tariff and the public lands, as he is on every detail of expense. Never mean, he is the uncompromising enemy of extravagance, and he now protests against it. "Some," he says, "say retrenchment is with Congress; others say Congress can do nothing without the Executive. The truth is, the fault is with both; it is with the executive and with the legislative departments. They have both departed far from the true track; they have both encouraged extraordinary, unnecessary, profligate, and many of them corrupt, expenditures."

While opposed to a large standing army, and severe in his criticisms on the supercilious manner in which military men are too apt to speak of civilians, Senator Toombs has ever shown himself the firm friend of an efficient naval force. Opposed to the "right of search," he would not remonstrate against its exercise by the English cruisers, but order our naval officers to "seize or sink the aggressors, and get an explanation afterward." He was an earnest advocate in behalf of the officers struck from the navy list by the action of the retiring board, which he denounced as "the most infamous tribunal that ever disgraced any nation under the sun."

Senator Toombs has always urged that the Post-office Department be made to defray its own expenses; and he went so far last year as to take the responsibility of defeating the Postal Appropriation bill, rather than sanction large items in it of what he considered illegal expense. Indeed, his action in the Senate would imply that he stands clothed with the extraordinary powers given by the conscript fathers of Rome to one of their number, selected to see—"*Ne Republica detrimentum capit:*" "that the Commonwealth received no harm."

Senator Toombs's remarks in debate about reporters were justly intended for the Senate purveyors of words for the *Globe*, who, parrot-like, record every syllable uttered, even on trivial questions of order. Truly did the Senator remark: "Why, Sir, you would have to give a great many persons in this country ten dollars a day to read the *Globe*. Nobody reads it. I think it is a good burial-place. I do not know a more private place on the face of the earth to put any thing than one corner of the Washington *Globe*; and that is the security of many of the outrages and abuses of Congress. If there was a different system—if the newspapers circulated abroad the views taken on prominent questions before the country, as they formerly did, the real business of Congress would be before the people, and they would decide on it; but now we bury all in the *Globe*, and from there there is no resurrection. It is harmless, I admit, but expensive; and that is my objection to it."

The personal appearance of Senator Toombs, as he appears in the Capitol, is that of a demagogue—a leader of the people, not a sycophantic partisan. His long black hair hangs in disorder around his massive head, and his stalwart frame is carelessly attired; neither is he remarkable for courteous manners when excited in debate. Regardless of political, of sectional, or of social claims upon him, he speaks what he believes to be THE TRUTH, as a Senator of the Sovereign State of Georgia. Speaking with the inspiration of an improvisator, and with a tongue of fire, he scatters forth his invectives like burning coals upon the heads of his opponents, regardless of what they or the rest of mankind may think.

In the domestic relations of life Senator Toombs is said to be the very reverse of what he is before the public. The devoted husband of a most estimable lady, a kind father, a true friend, a hospitable host, and a public-spirited, useful, and charitable citizen, it would seem that "to know him is to love him." His frank *bonhommie* of manner, his fund of anecdotes gathered at home and abroad, and his originality of ideas, make him a welcome guest wherever he goes, and secure him the personal esteem of even his most bitter political opponents.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 4th. I was so startled by the disturbance in Laura's face and manner, and so dismayed by the first waking impressions of my dream, that I was not fit to bear the revelation which burst upon me when the name of Anne Catherick passed her lips. I could only stand rooted to the floor, looking at her in breathless silence.

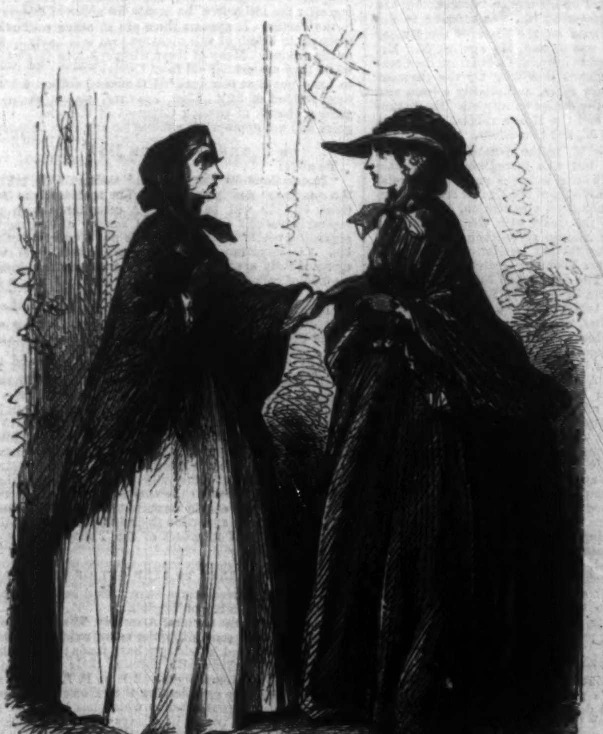
She was too much absorbed by what had happened to notice the effect which her reply had produced on me. "I have seen Anne Catherick! I have spoken to Anne Catherick!" she repeated, as if I had not heard her. "Oh, Marian, I have such things to tell you! Come away—we may be interrupted here—come at once into my room!"

With those eager words she caught me by the hand, and led me through the library to the end room on the ground floor, which had been fitted up for her own especial use. No third person, except her maid, could have any excuse for surprising us here. She pushed me in before her, locked the door, and drew the chintz curtains that hung over the inside.

The strange, stunned feeling which had taken possession of me still remained. But a growing conviction that the complications which had long threatened to gather about her, and to gather about me, had suddenly closed fast round us both, was now beginning to penetrate my mind. I could not express it in words—I could hardly even realize it dimly in my own thoughts. "Anne Catherick!" I whispered to myself, with useless, helpless reiteration—"Anne Catherick!"

Laura drew me to the nearest seat, an ottoman in the middle of the room. "Look!" she said; "look here!" and pointed to the bosom of her dress.

I saw for the first time that the lost brooch was pinned in its place again. There was something real in the sight of it, something real in the touching of it afterward, which seemed to steady the whirl and confusion in my thoughts, and to help me to compose myself.



"NOT NOW," SHE SAID; "WE ARE NOT ALONE—WE ARE WATCHED."

"Where did you find your brooch?" The first words I could say to her were the words which put that trivial question at that important moment.

"*She* found it, Marian."

"Where?"

"On the floor of the boat-house. Oh, how shall I begin—how shall I tell you about it! She talked to me so strangely—she looked so fearfully ill—she left me so suddenly—!"

Her voice rose as the tumult of her recollections pressed upon her mind. The inveterate distrust which weighs, night and day, on my spirits in this house, instantly roused me to warn her—just as the sight of the brooch had roused me to question her the moment before.

"Speak low!" I said. "The window is open, and the garden path runs beneath it. Begin at the beginning, Laura. Tell me, word for word, what passed between that woman and you."

"Shall I close the window first?"

"No; only speak low: only remember that Anne Catherick is a dangerous subject under your husband's roof. Where did you first see her?"

"At the boat-house, Marian. I went out, as you know, to find my brooch; and I walked along the path through the plantation, looking down on the ground carefully at every step. In that way I got on, after a long time, to the boat-house; and as soon as I was inside it I went on my knees to hunt over the floor. I was still searching, with my back to the door-way, when I heard a soft, strange voice, behind me, say, 'Miss Fairlie.'"

"Miss Fairlie!"

"Yes—my old name—the dear, familiar name that I thought I had parted from forever. I started up—not frightened, the voice was too kind and gentle to frighten any body—but very much surprised. There, looking at me from the door-way, stood a woman whose face I never remembered to have seen before."

"How was she dressed?"

"She had a neat, pretty white gown on, and over it a poor, worn, thin dark shawl. Her bonnet was of brown straw, as poor and worn as the shawl. I was struck by the difference between her gown and the rest of her dress, and she saw that I noticed it. 'Don't look at my bonnet and shawl,' she said, speaking in a quick, breathless, sudden way; 'if I mustn't wear white, I don't care what I wear. Look at my gown as much as you please; I'm not ashamed of that.' Very strange, was it not? Before I could say any thing to soothe her, she held out one of her hands, and I saw my brooch in it. I was so pleased and so grateful that I went quite close to her to say what I really felt. 'Are you thankful enough to do me one little kindness?' she asked. 'Yes, indeed,' I answered; 'any kindness in my power I shall be glad to show you.' 'Then let me pin your brooch on for you, now I have found it.' Her request was so unexpected, Marian, and she made it with such extraordinary eagerness, that I drew back a step or two, not well knowing what to do. 'Ah!' she said, 'your mother would have let me pin on the brooch.' There was something in her voice and her look, as well as in her mentioning my mother in that reproachful manner, which made me ashamed of my distrust. I took her hand with the brooch in it, and put it up gently on the bosom of my dress. 'You knew my mother?' I said. 'Was it very long ago? have I ever seen you before?' Her hands were busy fastening the brooch: she stopped and pressed them against my breast. 'You don't remember a fine spring day at Limmeridge,' she said, 'and your mother walking down the path that led to the school, with a little girl on each side of her? I have had nothing else to think of since; and *I* remember it. You were one of the little girls, and I was the other. Pretty, clever Miss Fairlie, and poor dazed Anne Catherick were nearer to each other then than they are now!'"

"Did you remember her, Laura, when she told you her name?"

"Yes—I remembered your asking me about Anne Catherick at Limmeridge, and your saying that she had once been considered like me."

"What reminded you of that, Laura?"

"*She* reminded me. While I was looking at her, while she was very close to me, it came over my mind suddenly that we were like each other! Her face was pale and thin and weary—but the sight of it startled me, as if it had been the sight of my own face in the glass after a long illness. The discovery—I don't know why—gave me such a shock that I was perfectly incapable of speaking to her for the moment."

"Did she seem hurt by your silence?"

"I am afraid she was hurt by it. 'You have not got your mother's face,' she said, 'or your mother's heart. Your mother's face was dark; and your mother's heart, Miss Fairlie, was the heart of an angel.' 'I am sure I feel kindly toward you,' I said, 'though I may not be able to express it as I ought. Why do you call me Miss Fairlie?' 'Because I love the name of Fairlie, and hate the name of Glyde,' she broke out, violently. I had seen nothing like madness in her before this; but I fancied I saw it now in her eyes. 'I only thought you might not know I was married,' I said, remembering the wild letter she wrote to me at Limmeridge, and trying to quiet her. She sighed bitterly, and turned away from me. 'Not know you were married!' she repeated. 'I am here *because* you are married. I am here to make atonement to you, before I meet your mother in the world beyond the grave.' She drew farther and farther away from me, till she was out of the boat-house—and then she watched and listened for a little while. When she turned round to speak again, instead of coming back, she stopped where she was, looking in at me, with a hand on each side of the entrance. 'Did you see me at the lake last night?' she said. 'Did you hear me following you in the wood? I have been waiting for days together to speak to you alone—I have left the only friend I have in the world anxious and frightened about me—I have risked being shut up again in the mad-house—and all for your sake, Miss Fairlie, all for your sake.' Her words alarmed me, Marian; and yet there was something in the way she spoke that made me pity her with all my heart. I am sure my pity must have been sincere, for it made me bold enough to ask the poor creature to come in and sit down in the boat-house by my side."

"Did she do so?"

"No. She shook her head, and told me she must stop where she was, to watch and listen, and see that no third person surprised us. And from first to last, there she waited at the entrance, with a hand on each side of it; sometimes bending in suddenly to speak to me; sometimes drawing back suddenly to look about her. 'I was here yesterday,' she said, 'before it came dark; and I heard you, and the lady with you, talking together. I heard you tell her about your husband. I heard you say you had no influence to make him believe you, and no influence to keep him silent. Ah! I knew what those words meant; my conscience told me while I was listening. Why did I ever let you marry him! Oh, my fear—my mad, miserable, wicked fear!—' She covered up her face in her poor worn shawl, and moaned and murmured to herself behind it. I began to be afraid she might break out into some terrible despair which neither she nor I could master. 'Try to quiet yourself,' I said; 'try to tell me how you might have prevented my marriage.' She took the shawl from her face, and looked at me vacantly. 'I ought to have had heart enough to stop at Limmeridge,' she answered. 'I ought never to have let the news of his coming there frighten me away. I ought to have warned you and saved you before it was too late. Why did I only have courage enough to write you that letter? Why did I only do harm, when I wanted and meant to do good? Oh, my fear—my mad, miserable, wicked fear!' She repeated those words again, and hid her face again in the end of her poor worn shawl. It was dreadful to see her, and dreadful to hear her."

"Surely, Laura, you asked what the fear was which she dwelt on so earnestly?"

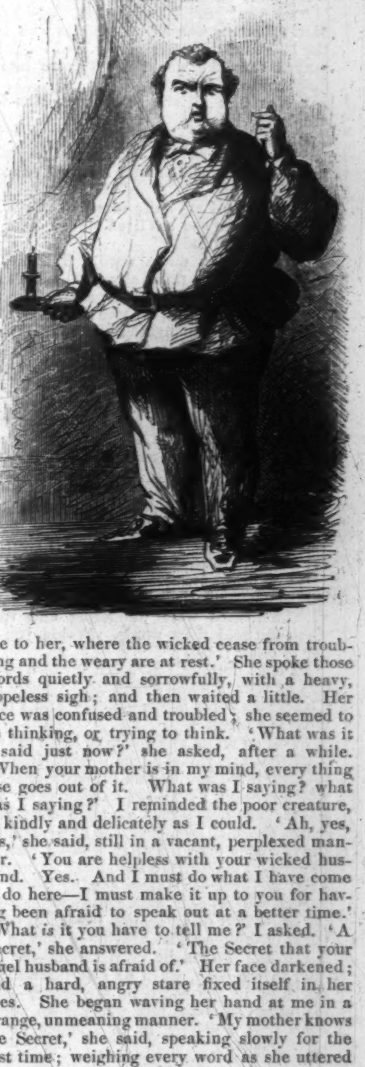
"Yes; I asked that."

"And what did she say?"

"She asked me, in return, if *I* should not be afraid of a man who had shut me up in a mad-house, and who would shut me up again if he could? I said, 'Are you afraid still? Surely you would not be here if you were afraid now?' 'No,' she said, 'I am not afraid now.' I asked why not. She suddenly bent forward into the boat-house, and said, 'Can't you guess why?' I shook my head. 'Look at me,' she went on. I told her I was grieved to see that she looked very sorrowful and very ill. She smiled for the first time. 'Ill?' she repeated; 'I'm dying. You know why I'm not afraid of him now. Do you think I shall meet your mother in heaven? Will she forgive me if I do?' I was so shocked and so startled that I could make no reply. 'I have been thinking of it,' she went on, 'all the time I have been in hiding from your husband, all the time I lay ill. My thoughts have driven me here—I want to make atonement—I want to undo all I can of the harm I once did.' I begged her as earnestly as I could to tell me what she meant. She still looked at me with fixed, vacant eyes. '*Shall* I undo the harm?' she said to herself, doubtfully. 'You have friends to take your part. If *you* know his wicked secret, he will be afraid of you; he won't dare use you as he used me. He must treat you mercifully for his own sake, if he is afraid of you and your friends. And if he treats you mercifully, and if I can say it was my doing—' I listened eagerly for more; but she stopped at those words."

"You tried to make her go on?"

"I tried; but she only drew herself away from me again, and leaned her face and arms against the side of the boat-house. 'Oh!' I heard her say, with a dreadful, distracted tenderness in her voice, 'oh! if I could only be buried with your mother! If I could only wake at her side, when the angel's trumpet sounds, and the graves give up their dead at the resurrection!'—Marian! I trembled from head to foot—it was horrible to hear her. 'But there is no hope of that,' she said, moving a little, so as to look at me again; 'no hope for a poor stranger like me. *I* shall not rest under the marble cross that I washed with my own hands, and made so white and pure for her sake. Oh no! oh no! God's mercy, not man's, will take me to her, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' She spoke those words quietly and sorrowfully, with a heavy, hopeless sigh; and then waited a little. Her face was confused and troubled; she seemed to be thinking, or trying to think. 'What was it I said just now?' she asked, after a while. 'When your mother is in my mind, every thing else goes out of it. What was I saying? what was I saying?' I reminded the poor creature, as kindly and delicately as I could. 'Ah, yes, yes,' she said, still in a vacant, perplexed manner. 'You are helpless with your wicked husband. Yes. And I must do what I have come to do here—I must make it up to you for having been afraid to speak out at a better time.' 'What *is* it you have to tell me?' I asked. 'A Secret,' she answered. 'The Secret that your cruel husband is afraid of.' Her face darkened; and a hard, angry stare fixed itself in her eyes. She began waving her hand at me in a strange, unmeaning manner. 'My mother knows the Secret,' she said, speaking slowly for the first time; weighing every word as she uttered it. 'My mother has wasted and worn away under the Secret half her lifetime. One day, when I was grown up, she told it to *me*. And your husband knew she told it. Knew to my cost. Ah, poor me! knew, knew, knew she told it.'"



"Yes! yes! What did she say next?"

"She stopped again, Marian, at that point—"

"And said no more?"

"And listened eagerly. 'Hush!' she whispered, still waving her hand at me. 'Hush!' She moved aside out of the door-way, moved slowly and stealthily, step by step, till I lost her past the edge of the boat-house."

"Surely you followed her?"

"Yes; my anxiety made me bold enough to rise and follow her. Just as I reached the entrance she appeared again, suddenly, round the side of the boat-house. 'The Secret,' I whispered to her—'wait and tell me the Secret!' She caught hold of my arm and looked at me, with wild, frightened eyes. 'Not now,' she said; 'we are not alone—we are watched. Come here to-morrow at this time—by yourself—mind—by yourself.' She pushed me roughly into the boat-house again, and I saw her no more."

"Oh, Laura, Laura, another chance lost! If I had only been near you she should not have escaped us. On which side did you lose sight of her?"

"On the left side, where the ground sinks and the wood is thickest."

"Did you run out again? did you call after her?"

"How could I? I was too terrified to move or speak."

"But when you *did* move—when you came out—?"

"I ran back here to tell you what had happened."

"Did you see any one or hear any one in the plantation?"

"No; it seemed to be all still and quiet when I passed through it."

I waited for a moment to consider. Was this third person, supposed to have been secretly present at the interview, a reality or the creature of Anne Catherick's excited fancy? It was impossible to determine. The one thing certain was, that we had failed again on the very brink of discovery—failed utterly and irretrievably, unless Anne Catherick kept her appointment at the boat-house for the next day.

"Are you quite sure you have told me every thing that passed—every word that was said?" I inquired.

"I think so," she answered. "My powers of memory, Marian, are not like yours. But I was so strongly impressed, so deeply interested, that nothing of any importance can possibly have escaped me."

"My dear Laura, the merest trifles are of importance where Anne Catherick is concerned. Think again. Did no chance reference escape her as to the place in which she is living at the present time?"

"None that I can remember."

"Did she not mention a companion and friend—a woman named Mrs. Clements?"

"Oh yes! yes! I forgot that. She told me Mrs. Clements wanted sadly to go with her to the lake and take care of her, and begged and prayed that she would not venture into this neighborhood alone."

"Was that all she said about Mrs. Clements?"

"Yes, that was all."

"She told you nothing about the place in which she took refuge after leaving Todd's Corner?"

"Nothing—I am quite sure."

"Nor where she has lived since? Nor what her illness had been?"

"No, Marian, not a word. Tell me, pray tell me, what you think about it. I don't know what to think, or what to do next."

"You must do this, my love: You must carefully keep the appointment at the boat-house to-morrow. It is impossible to say what interests may not depend on your seeing that woman again. You shall not be left to yourself a second time. I will follow you at a safe distance. Nobody shall see me; but I will keep within hearing of your voice if any thing happens. Anne Catherick has escaped Walter Hartright, and has escaped *you*. Whatever happens she shall not escape *me*."

Laura's eyes read mine attentively while I was speaking.

"You believe," she said, "in this secret that my husband is afraid of?"

"I do believe in it."

"Anne Catherick's manner, Marian, was wild, her eyes were wandering and vacant, when she said those words. Would you trust her in other things?"

"I trust nothing, Laura, but my own observation of your husband's conduct. I judge Anne Catherick's words by his actions—and I believe there *is* a secret."

I said no more, and got up to leave the room. Thoughts were troubling me which I might have told her if we had spoken together longer, and which it might have been dangerous for her to know. The influence of the terrible dream from which she had awakened me hung darkly and heavily over every fresh impression which the progress of her narrative produced on my mind. I felt the ominous Future coming close; chilling me with an unutterable awe; forcing on me the conviction of an unseen Design in the long series of complications which had now fastened round us. I thought of Hartright—as I saw him, in the body, when he said farewell; as I saw him, in the spirit, in my dream—and I, too, began to doubt now whether we were not advancing, blindfold, to an appointed and an inevitable End.

Leaving Laura to go up stairs alone, I went out to look about me in the walks near the house. The circumstances under which Anne Catherick had parted from her had made me secretly anxious to know how Count Fosco was passing the afternoon; and had rendered me secretly distrustful of the results of that solitary journey from which Sir Percival had returned but a few hours since.

After looking for them in every direction, and discovering nothing, I returned to the house, and entered the different rooms on the ground-floor, one after another. They were all empty. I came out again into the hall, and went up stairs to return to Laura. Madame Fosco opened her door, as I passed it in my way along the passage; and I stopped to see if she could inform me of the whereabouts of her husband and Sir Percival. Yes; she had seen them both from her window more than an hour since. The Count had looked up with his customary kindness, and had mentioned, with his habitual attention to her in the smallest trifles, that he and his friend were going out together for a long walk.

For a long walk! They had never yet been in each other's company with that object in my experience of them. Sir Percival cared for no exercise but riding: and the Count (except when he was polite enough to be my escort) cared for no exercise at all.

When I joined Laura again I found that she had called to mind, in my absence, the impending question of the signature to the deed, which, in the interest of discussing her interview with Anne Catherick, we had hitherto overlooked. Her first words when I saw her expressed her surprise at the absence of the expected summons to attend Sir Percival in the library.

"You may make your mind easy on that subject," I said. "For the present, at least, neither your resolution nor mine will be exposed to any further trial. Sir Percival has altered his plans: the business of the signature is put off."

"Put off?" Laura repeated, amazedly. "Who told you so?"

"My authority is Count Fosco. I believe it is to his interference that we are indebted for your husband's sudden change of purpose."

"It seems impossible, Marian. If the object of my signing was, as we suppose, to obtain money for Sir Percival that he urgently wanted, how can the matter be put off?"

"I think, Laura, we have the means at hand of setting that doubt at rest. Have you forgotten the conversation that I heard between Sir Percival and the lawyer, as they were crossing the hall?"

"No; but I don't remember—"

"I do. There were two alternatives proposed. One was to obtain your signature to the parchment. The other was to gain time by giving bills at three months. The last resource is evidently the resource now adopted—and we may fairly hope to be relieved from our share in Sir Percival's embarrassments for some time to come."

"Oh, Marian, it sounds too good to be true!"

"Does it, my love? You complimented me on my ready memory not long since—but you seem to doubt it now. I will get my journal, and you shall see if I am right or wrong."

I went away and got the book at once. On looking back to the entry referring to the lawyer's visit, we found that my recollection of the two alternatives presented was accurately correct. It was almost as great a relief to my mind as to Laura's to find that my memory had served me, on this occasion, as faithfully as usual. In the perilous uncertainty of our present situation it is hard to say what future interests may not depend upon the regularity of the entries in my journal, and upon the reliability of my recollection at the time when I make them.

Laura's face and manner suggested to me that this last consideration had occurred to her as well as to myself. Any way, it is only a trifling matter; and I am almost ashamed to put it down here in writing—it seems to set the forlornness of our situation in such a miserably vivid light. We must have little indeed to depend on, when the discovery that my memory can still be trusted to serve us is hailed as if it was the discovery of a new friend!

The first bell for dinner separated us. Just as it had done ringing Sir Percival and the Count returned from their walk. We heard the master of the house storming at the servant for being five minutes late; and the master's guest interposing, as usual, in the interests of propriety, patience, and peace.

* * * * * *

The evening has come and gone. No extraordinary event has happened. But I have noticed certain peculiarities in the conduct of Sir Percival and the Count which have sent me to bed feeling very anxious and uneasy about Anne Catherick, and about the results which to-morrow may produce.

I know enough by this time to be sure that the aspect of Sir Percival which is the most false, and which, therefore, means the worst, is his polite aspect. That long walk with his friend had ended in improving his manners, especially toward his wife. To Laura's secret surprise, and to my secret alarm, he called her by her Christian name, asked if she had heard lately from her uncle, inquired when Mrs. Vesey was to receive her invitation to Blackwater, and showed her so many other little attentions that he almost recalled the days of his hateful courtship at Limmeridge House. This was a bad sign, to begin with; and I thought it more ominous still that he should pretend, after dinner, to fall asleep in the drawing-room, and that his eyes should cunningly follow Laura and me when he thought we neither of us suspected him. I have never had any doubt that his sudden journey by himself took him to Welmingham to question Mrs. Catherick—but the experience of to-night has made me fear that the expedition was not undertaken in vain, and that he has got the information which he unquestionably left us to collect. If I knew where Anne Catherick was to be found, I would be up to-morrow with sunrise and warn her.

While the aspect under which Sir Percival presented himself to-night was unhappily but too familiar to me, the aspect under which the Count appeared was, on the other hand, entirely new in my experience of him. He permitted me this evening to make his acquaintance, for the first time, in the character of a Man of Sentiment—of sentiment, as I believe, really felt, not assumed for the occasion.

For instance, he was quiet and subdued; his eyes and his voice expressed a restrained sensibility. He wore (as if there was some hidden connection between his showiest finery and his deepest feeling) the most magnificent waistcoat he had yet appeared in—it was made of pale sea-green silk, and delicately trimmed with fine silver braid. His voice sank into the tenderest inflections, his smile expressed a thoughtful, fatherly admiration, whenever he spoke to Laura or to me. He pressed his wife's hand under the table when she thanked him for trifling little attentions at dinner. He took wine with her. "Your health and happiness, my angel!" he said, with fond, glistening eyes. He ate little or nothing; and sighed, and said, "Good Percival!" when his friend laughed at him. After dinner he took Laura by the hand, and asked her if she would be "so sweet as to play to him." She complied, through sheer astonishment. He sat by the piano, with his watch-chain resting in folds, like a golden serpent, on the sea-green protuberance of his waistcoat. His immense head lay languidly on one side; and he gently beat time with two of his yellow-white fingers. He highly approved of the music, and tenderly admired Laura's manner of playing—not as poor Hartright used to praise it, with an innocent enjoyment of the sweet sounds, but with a clear, cultivated, practical knowledge of the merits of the composition, in the first place, and of the merits of the player's touch, in the second. As the evening closed in he begged that the lovely dying light might not be profaned, just yet, by the appearance of the lamps. He came, with his horribly silent tread, to the distant window at which I was standing, to be out of his way and to avoid the very sight of him—he came to ask me to support his protest against the lamps. If any one of them could only have burned him up at that moment I would have gone down to the kitchen and fetched it myself.

"Surely you like this modest, trembling English twilight?" he said, softly. "Ah! I love it. I feel my inborn admiration of all that is noble and great and good purified by the breath of Heaven, on an evening like this. Nature has such imperishable charms, such inextinguishable tendernesses for me!—I am an old, fat man: talk which would become your lips, Miss Halcombe, sounds like a derision and a mockery on mine. It is hard to be laughed at in my moments of sentiment, as if my soul was like myself, old and overgrown. Observe, dear lady, what a light is dying on the trees! Does it penetrate your heart as it penetrates mine?"

He paused—looked at me—and repeated the famous lines of Dante on the Evening-time with a melody and tenderness which added a charm of their own to the matchless beauty of the poetry itself.

"Bah!" he cried suddenly, as the last cadence of those noble Italian words died away on his lips; "I make an old fool of myself, and only weary you all! Let us shut up the window in our bosoms and get back to the matter-of-fact world. Percival! I sanction the admission of the lamps. Lady Glyde—Miss Halcombe—Eleanor, my good wife—which of you will indulge me with a game at dominoes?"

He addressed us all; but he looked especially at Laura. She had learned to feel my dread of offending him, and she accepted his proposal. It was more than I could have done at that moment. I could not have sat down at the same table with him for any consideration. His eyes seemed to reach my inmost soul through the thickening obscurity of the twilight. His voice trembled along every nerve in my body, and turned me hot and cold alternately. The mystery and terror of my dream, which had haunted me, at intervals, all through the evening, now oppressed my mind with an unendurable foreboding and an unutterable awe. I saw the white tomb again, and the vailed woman rising out of it by Hartright's side. The thought of Laura welled up like a spring in the depths of my heart, and filled it with waters of bitterness, never, never known to it before. I caught her by the hand, as she passed me on her way to the table, and kissed her as if that night was to part us for ever. While they were all gazing at me in astonishment, I ran out through the low window which was open before me to the ground—ran out to hide from them in the darkness; to hide even from myself.

We separated that evening later than usual. Toward midnight the summer silence was broken by the shuddering of a low, melancholy wind among the trees. We all felt the sudden chill in the atmosphere; but the Count was the first to notice the stealthy rising of the wind. He stopped while he was lighting my candle for me, and held up his hand warningly:

"Listen!" he said. "There will be a change to-morrow."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, March 12, in the Senate various unimportant motions were made; Senator Mason called up his resolutions to commit Thaddeus Hyatt to jail until he consents to answer the questions of the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee. Debate ensued, in which Senators Sumner (Mass.), Fessenden (Me.), Hale (N. H.), Simmons (R. I.), Crittenden (Ky.), Pearce (Md.), Davis (Miss.), and Mason (Va.), participated, when the resolutions were adopted—Yeas 44, Nays 10. The Senate then went into Executive session and adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Washburn (Wis.) offered a preamble and resolution, setting forth that the most shameful frauds had been perpetrated upon the Menemone Indians, and asking for a select Committee of Investigation. Mr. Dawes (Mass.), reported a resolution from the Committee on Elections, requiring Mr. Williamson, who contests Mr. Sickles's seat, to serve on Mr. S., within ten days, a particular statement of the grounds of contest. Mr. Gilmer (N. C.), from a minority of the Committee, submitted a minority report; postponed. Mr. Carter (N. Y.) sent up a resolution about the reception of the Seventh Regiment. The House refused to suspend the rule for its introduction. Mr. Lovejoy (Ill.) called up his motion to reconsider the vote by which the Homestead Bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. Carried, and the bill was passed, 114 against 66. Mr. Morrill (Vt.) endeavored to introduce a bill from the Committee of Ways and Means providing for the payment of outstanding Treasury notes, authorizing a loan, and regulating and fixing the duties on imports. Mr. Barkedale (Miss.) objected, and the House refused to suspend the rules—105 against 69, not two-thirds.

On Tuesday, March 13, in the Senate, after various private bills, etc., a bill was introduced by Senator Toombs (Ga.), establishing uniform proceedings relative to bankruptcies throughout the United States. Senator Wilson (Mass.) submitted a resolution, directing an inquiry as to whether the treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the African slave-trade has been executed, and whether any further legislation is necessary on the subject. Senator Toombs objected, and the resolution was laid over. The Homestead Bill was postponed till Thursday, by Yeas 31 to Nays 23. The Court of Claims Bill was then taken up. The bill was discussed and amended somewhat, when it was passed—Yeas 34, Nays 15.——In the House, Mr. Colfax (Ind.) called up the bill inviting proposals for carrying the Pacific and Atlantic mails on one line. After some discussion the bill was passed. Mr. Adams (Ky.) reported a bill to establish mail routes in Kansas, which was also passed. Mr. A. also reported adversely upon the bill providing for the election of deputy postmasters by the people, which was laid on the table. Mr. Sherman (Ohio) asked leave to report from the Committee on Ways and Means a bill to provide for the redemption of outstanding Treasury notes, authorizing a loan, and regulating and fixing duties on imports. Mr. Cobb (Ala.) objected. Mr. Sherman explained the necessity for the bill, when Mr. M'Queen (S. C.) renewed the objection. Discussion ensued, Mr. M'Q. taking the ground that he would object to any bill proposing an increased tariff. The matter was finally dropped, when the House went into Committee on the bill making appropriations for the payment of the Consular and Diplomatic expenses. Mr. Love (Ga.) replied to the remarks of Mr. Van Wyck (N. Y.) last week. Mr. Kellogg (Ill.) and Mr. M'Clernand (Ill.) made long personal explanations of no public interest.

On Wednesday, March 14, in the Senate, after various minor matters, the Military Academy bill was taken up, and Senator Wigfall's (Texas) amendment, making an appropriation for the defense of the frontier of Texas, was adopted. Senator Hale (N. H.) moved an amendment providing that the acceptance of the regiment of mounted volunteers, under the act of April 7, 1858, be left optional with the Lieutenant-General. Rejected—Yeas 12, Nays 33. An attempt to reduce the term of study from five years to four also failed. The bill was then passed—Yeas 41, Nays 11. The bill for the protection of female emigrant passengers on ships was passed, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Hickman (Pa.) reported from the Judiciary Committee a bill establishing a paper circulation, upon a basis of uniform value, throughout the United States. It proposes that for all deposits of gold, silver, and bullion there shall be issued certificates to circulate as currency. The bill was referred to the Committee on Commerce. Mr. Hickman reported a resolution directing an inquiry into the necessity for further legislation for the protection of citizens going from one State into another to engage in private business. Mr. M'Queen (S. C.) expressed a desire to move an amendment to the resolution, and the matter was passed over. Mr. Hickman also reported from the Judiciary Committee a series of resolutions, which were adopted, directing an inquiry into and report upon the authority for employing the army as a *posse comitatus*; as to the legality of slavery in Territories; the propriety of paying the claimants in the Amistad case; what further legislation is necessary relative to the rendition of fugitives from justice; and also to report a bill that no contestant for a seat in the House shall be paid a salary unless successful, and admitted to a seat. The House then took up the Consular and Diplomatic Bill. An amendment was adopted, appropriating $120,000 for the completion of the boundary survey between the British Possessions and Washington Territory. The bill was then laid aside, to take up that making appropriation for the support of the Indian Department. Mr. Curry (Ala.) spoke in defense of slavery, as also Mr. Vance (N. C.), Mr. Leach (Mich.), and Mr. Killinger (Pa.) followed, when the House adjourned.

On Thursday, March 15, in the Senate, the resolution of Senator Mason, instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire what legislation may be needed to carry out treaty stipulations with China, Burmah, and Siam, was adopted. The bill incorporating the National Gallery and School of Arts was introduced by Senator Brown. The special order of the day was the bill providing for the enlargement of the Louisville and Portland Canal, and for the construction of a branch. When it was taken up, Senator Wade, of Ohio, presented resolutions in favor of the project. Senator Bright procured the adoption of an amendment that when the Canal and branch shall be finished and paid for from the tolls received, the tolls shall be reduced to a point merely sufficient to keep the improvement in repair. Senator Toombs (Ga.) regarded the whole concern as one with which Government should have nothing to do. Other Senators spoke, and the bill was finally passed.——In the House, the Indian and the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation bills were passed. The greater part of the day was spent by that body in Committee of the Whole debating amendments to the rules. Some discussion occurred on the question whether the Military Academy Bill, as returned with amendments by the Senate, should be referred to the Committee on Ways and Means, or to the Military Committee. Without settling the point the House adjourned.

On Friday, March 16, in the Senate, communications were received from the President regarding the state of the Rio Grande frontier, and from the Secretary of the Treasury giving information in respect to our commerce with the British Provinces. The bill relative to National Armories was called up, amended, and debated at some length, without final action. Private bills were then considered, and a number of them passed. In executive session the Nicaragua Treaty was under review. After the addition of an amendment or two, it was rejected.——The House devoted the day to the revisal of its rules.

AFFAIRS ON THE RIO GRANDE.

Official dispatches to the War Department from army officers state that the troubles on the Rio Grande may be regarded as at an end. Cortinas, the leader of the Mexican bandits, has given up the contest and retired into the interior of Mexico. These Mexican chiefs, however, are restless fellows, and it would not be surprising if Cortinas should break out in a fresh place at any moment.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

The Japanese embassy to this country, which was to have left Jeddo on the 22d of February for Washington, consists of seventy persons. They were expected to arrive at San Francisco in the United States steamer *Powhatan* about the 1st of March. Orders had been received at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, to have the dry-dock there in readiness in which to repair the *Powhatan*, before completing her voyage to Panama with her distinguished passengers *en route* to Washington.

TELEGRAPH TO THE PACIFIC.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs:

"An earnest and probably successful effort is making by the Government, in conjunction with the leading telegraph gentlemen of the country, to insure the prompt completion of a substantial line of telegraph from the Mississippi River to San Francisco. There are now present in this city, in consultation upon this subject, Hiram Sibley, Esq., President of the Western Union Telegraph Company; Zenas Barnum, Esq., President of the American Telegraph Company; T. K. Walker, Esq., President of the New York and Buffalo Company; Dr. Green, President of the New Orleans and Louisville Company; Colonel Bee, President of one of the California lines; Judge Selden, of Rochester; T. S. Faxton, Esq., of Utica; Cyrus W. Field, Esq., of New York; Ezra Cornell, Esq., of Ithaca, and others.

"Nearly all the Presidents of the various telegraph companies throughout the United States are here, looking after the bill before the Senate for a line of telegraph to the Pacific. It appears there are so many conflicting interests in behalf of this measure that it is likely to fall to the ground. Many of these telegraph men think that while they are asking aid from Government, they ought to have put it at one hundred thousand dollars per annum instead of fifty. One, however, stands about as good a chance of passing Congress as the other. Congress will not appropriate a dollar for any such purpose."

THE CENSUS OF 1860.

He adds:

"Instructions for marshals and assistants in taking the census are nearly prepared. The modifications from those of 1850 will be slight. A compliance with the recommendations of New York Chamber of Commerce, regarding commercial statistics, is not deemed practicable. The importance of information about internal commerce is fully appreciated by the Census Bureau, but no method of collecting that which is reliable, through the census, has been discovered. The multiplicity of exchanges which products and manufactures undergo in the course of sale, re-sale, and transportation from one end of the Union to the other, renders an exact computation of the value of domestic commerce impossible. It is estimated that the cost of taking the census this year will reach fifteen hundred thousand dollars, and the enumeration will exceed thirty-one millions of people. Superintendent Kennedy intends to have returns complete in less than three months from the 1st of July. They will be laid before Congress next session, so that an apportionment law may be passed at once. This, however, will not be in season to act upon the ratio for the Thirty-seventh Congress, as a majority of its members will have been elected previous to the commencement of the next session, but it will enable those States whose Legislatures meet biennially to apportion their districts in ample time for the election of members of the Thirty-eighth Congress."

VIRGINIA DECLINES TO STEP OUT OF THE UNION.

The following resolutions have passed both houses of the General Assembly of Virginia:

"Resolved, by the General Assembly, That we have received with deep sensibility the communications which South Carolina and Mississippi have made to the authorities of this Commonwealth, through their Commissioners, Hon. C. G. Memminger and Hon. P. B. Starke, and we hail with lively gratification the renewed manifestations of that fraternal affection which has hitherto characterized, and we trust will always continue to characterize, the relations of South Carolina and Mississippi with Virginia.

"Resolved, That we perform a pleasing duty in recording and communicating to the authorities of South Carolina and Mississippi our high appreciation of the ability, dignity, and courtesy with which their Commissioners have discharged the important duties of their mission.

"Resolved, That the present General Assembly of Virginia, recognizing in our present relations with non-slaveholding States an imperative necessity for decisive measures, does not yet distrust the capacity of the Southern States, by a wise and firm exercise of their reserved powers, to protect the rights and liberties of the people, and to preserve the federal Union. For this purpose we earnestly desire the concurrent action of the Southern States. But the General Assembly respectfully submit, for the consideration of South Carolina and Mississippi, and all our sister States of the South, that efficient co-operation will be more safely had by such direct legislative action of the several States as may be necessary and proper, than through the agency of any assemblage which can exercise no legislative power except to debate and advise.

"Resolved, therefore, That in the opinion of the General Assembly it is inexpedient to appoint deputies to the conference proposed by South Carolina and Mississippi.

"Resolved, That the Governor of this Commonwealth be requested to communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Governors of the States of South Carolina and Mississippi, and to the Governors of each of the other slave-holding States.

"Resolved, That the President of the Senate and the Chairman of the House of Delegates transmit to Hon. C. G. Memminger and Hon. P. B. Starke a copy of the foregoing resolutions."

WHERE WILL THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION BE HELD?

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The subject of changing the place for holding the Democratic Convention to some other city is still agitated; but as the Cincinnati Convention fixed the place, and only left the National Committee the power to fix the time of holding it, it is a question whether the committee have the power to change the place. It is understood that some Richmond gentlemen arrived here to-day and tendered the committee the use of the large African church in which to hold their convention; but no official action has yet been taken on the subject. The Charleston hotel speculators will not make much out of the California and Oregon delegations, as they have made arrangements to take with them tents and camp equipage, furnished them by the War Department for the purpose, and will take to a field and enjoy themselves in real border life style.

"A prominent member of the National Democratic Executive Committee thus replies to an inquiry as to changing the place for holding the National Democratic Convention:

"There is a good deal said seriously about it, much pressure for it, and if continued, the committee may be called together to consider it.

"From this the fact is apparent that there is no determination yet on the subject."

NEW DISCOVERIES IN CALIFORNIA.

The mining news from all parts of California is very glowing; new discoveries, of quicksilver, silver, gold, and cinnabar, were almost an everyday occurrence, besides other developments of mineral wealth peculiar to that State.

ELECTION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The general election took place in New Hampshire on the 13th. The returns indicate a slight Republican gain, Goodwin, the Republican candidate for Governor, leading Cate, the Democratic, by nearly 5000 votes.

A DINNER AT SENATOR SEWARD'S.

A lady correspondent of the *Tribune* writes: "A dinner which I attended at Senator Seward's may serve as an illustration of the style on such occasions. At 6 o'clock we were set down at his residence; found a number of the guests already assembled—the others arriving not long after. A formal presentation to the gentleman who is to be your escort to the dining-room takes place; you have a pleasant chit-chat in the drawing-room, during which time, according to etiquette, you remain standing; you are then led into the dining-room; a waiter in white gloves meets you at the door, designates your seat, where you find your name attached to the napkin placed by your plate. The host then mentions the names of his guests, to see if they are properly seated. Turtle-soup is then served; the other courses in regular order, seventeen in number—the plates being changed for each course; wine-glasses, five in number, of different size, form, and color, indicating the different wines to be served. The meats are carved by the head cook, in a separate apartment, and, being placed in silver dishes, are handed to *you* by a waiter in white gloves always at your left hand.

"Upon entering the dining-room you perceive the table laid with perfect taste, containing the confectionery and conserves for the grand finale; beautiful pyramids of iced fruits, oranges, French kisses, etc., all beautiful to look at, but dangerous unless your digestive organs are stronger than mine.

"You are conducted back into the parlor in the same manner that you entered—when coffee is served and liquors of different kinds. A short time is spent in conversation, when the guests one by one begin to leave.

A RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

"Yesterday (March 10) we drove to the White House, desiring a better opportunity than we had when last there to look around, it being Miss Lane's reception-day. After handing in our cards to a waiter at the door, we were ushered into the presence of the ladies in the great reception-room, among whom was Miss Lane, to whom we were presented in due form. We found her a very agreeable woman, dressed in fine taste, and, upon the whole, rather handsome—not at all stiff, and possessing the faculty of making one feel at ease, which is, after all, the greatest of social accomplishments. A few moments having passed in a pleasant chat, we were reminded by the arrival of other guests that we had consumed the time which belonged to us, and then took our leave.

AT MRS. SLIDELL'S.

"Next we proceeded to Mrs. Senator Slidell's, who is, I believe, the most *recherché* of fashionable ladies. After a process of introduction similar to that already described, we found ourselves in the presence of the lady of the house and her two daughters. Mrs. S.'s dress consisted of a lilac silk, flounced, and bound with white velvet, sleeves short and slashed with lace, an ornamental comb in her hair. This was the *tout ensemble* of this gay, *distingué* Madam. I judged from her foreign accent, as well as from the vivacity of her manners, that she must be French. A table richly laid with a great variety of comestibles next claimed our attention; then came the final leaving-taking—stiff courtesy, and a winding up by placing our cards upon a silver waiter, handed to us by a servant in livery, when we stepped once more into the open air, and congratulated ourselves that so much had been done."

AN UNFORGIVING PAPA.

The will of John G. Boker, the father-in-law of John Dean, the coachman, who eloped with "his own Mary Ann" about three years ago, was offered for probate in the Surrogate's Court last week. The testator leaves all his property, consisting of a considerable amount of real and personal estate, to his wife, to be divided after her death into four parts, which are to be distributed among four of his children. One clause cuts "Mary Ann" off, however, from the share she was to have had when the testament was framed—the deceased even mentioning his desire to have her name entirely obliterated from his will.

BANK-NOTES FLYING DOWN STREET.

We read in the Milwaukie *Wisconsian*, March 3: "A little before two o'clock this afternoon, an accident of a most singular and exciting description happened at the banking-office of Armstrong, Spink, & Co., on the north-east corner of East Water and Huron Streets, in Cross' building. The wind has been blowing a perfect hurricane at times to-day, and at this time, just as a person was entering the banking-office, a tremendous gust of wind came up, and the door being open, a current of wind rushed in and burst through the windows on the Huron Street side, which forming a vent hole for the wind, it poured in tremendously, bursting in the front windows also, and completely gutting out the office almost instantly, sending the money and papers lying on the counters flying down Huron Street, while the large glass windows were broken into a thousand pieces, and the curtains flapped from their fixtures and were slit into shreds, while people were rushing out from adjoining stores and shops on hearing the din and clatter, fearful lest some terrible accident was happening.

"It is impossible to tell how much money was blown away, but probably several hundred dollars, besides some valuable business papers, etc. Boys and men went scrambling down Huron Street after such as they could get hold of, and in a few minutes half of the Third ward almost was out hunting up stray one, five, or ten dollar bills, as the case might be. Much of the money has been returned by honest finders, but still a good deal has been carried off by boys and others who found it, and will probably be salted down by the finders.

"We never saw a place scooped out more instantaneously and completely than was this. Almost every thing in the office was swept out into the streets, and the place was made a perfect wreck. There were five large windows, all of which were smashed to smithereens. A few individuals were slightly cut by the glass, and as the contents of the office were whisked out into the street some teams passing at the time got frightened and ran away."

PERSONAL.

W. D. Shipman, Esq., has been appointed Judge of the United States District Court for Connecticut in the place of Judge Ingersoll, recently deceased. Mr. Shipman has been for some time Attorney for the Connecticut District, he having been placed in that position, we believe, by President Pierce. He resides at East Haddam on the Connecticut River.

Piccolomini is married. She sang one morning at the Crystal Palace, and left on the next for Dublin, where the knot was tied. The happy possessor of the fascinating singing-bird is an Italian Prince, a Roman by birth, and a relative of one of the Cardinals. He does not, as in many instances, marry for the round sum realized by the vocalist, but is a man of some fortune—for Italy.

General Whitney, the new Collector of Boston, was formerly Superintendent of the Springfield Armory. Last Saturday evening the workmen of that establishment presented him with an elegant set of silver ware—a pitcher and five goblets—valued at $300.

A pardon arrived in St. Louis on the 2d instant from President Buchanan for Marcus A. Wolff, who was sentenced to the penitentiary about four years ago, for a term of five years, upon a charge of forging land warrants. The case will be remembered by many as one in which a good deal of interest was felt at the time. It is supposed that the brothers Wetmore, who were concerned in the same affair, will also be pardoned.

The Princess Clothilde is not very pretty, but she speaks fluently five languages, and is a thorough Greek and Latin scholar; is well acquainted with the works of all the ancient and modern poets, and is particularly fond of quoting Shakspeare. Her character, in spite of her extreme youth, is very firm—this her face indicates. The Empress Eugénie is very fond of this her young relative.

The health of Chief Justice Taney was so much improved that he was able to attend a consultation on Saturday. He expects to resume his seat on the bench next week, after the present brief recess. He is now eighty-four years old.

Captain Jeremiah Holmes, the renowned gunner of Stonington, who periled his life to save the place from pillage and fire, and his courageous wife who fired the first gun at the news of peace on the east branch of Mystic River, celebrated their golden wedding at Mystic Bridge, Connecticut, March 8. The first table was surrounded with more than a score of venerable persons, the average age of each of whom was seventy-one years. The venerable couple were made the recipients of numerous and valuable presents.

By the Memphis papers we notice that Miss Jenny Stanley, who is playing a winter engagement at Memphis, had a narrow escape from death from strangling a few evenings ago. She was performing the part of Cordelia, in "King Lear," and in the act in which she is supposed to be hanged, she is brought in upon the stage by Lear with a rope around her neck. During the scene the rope became entangled, and when the curtain dropped she was found to be so far strangled as to be insensible, and it was some minutes before she could be restored to consciousness.

The Court *Journal* says that there is not the slightest foundation for the announcement, copied from the Dutch papers, of the approaching marriage of the Prince of Orange with an illustrious British Princess.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE NEW REFORM BILL.

Lord J. Russell has introduced in the House of Commons a Reform Bill. It extends the elective franchise to ten-pound occupancies in counties, and six pounds in boroughs. Twenty-five of the smallest boroughs are to have one instead of two members, and the seats thus gained are to be distributed between the most populous counties, and the boroughs of Ireland and Scotland get two additional members each. A corresponding reduction is made in the franchise, but the present representation is not to be disturbed. The Liberal journals are not satisfied with the measure.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

A regular meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company has been held in London. The report of the Board of Directors states that the endeavors which have been made for some months back to raise the funds for the necessary additional cable have resulted in a subscription of £70,000. The Board, however, are disposed to defray from their own means the expenses of keeping the Company in existence for a further period. A Committee was constituted by the Board of Trade some time back to report on Deep-Sea Telegraphs, and the conclusion arrived at will shortly be laid before Parliament. The Chairman and officers of the Atlantic Telegraph Company were among its members, and the belief is that the information acquired is such as to demonstrate that works of this character are much easier of accomplishment than the most sanguine have hitherto supposed them to be. The Board have likewise been encouraged by these investigations to attempt the recovery of the cable and its restoration to working order. £2000 will be required for this purpose; but in the worst event a considerable portion of this amount will be repaid by the quantity of cable picked up. It is accordingly proposed to offer the £20 shares remaining unissued, giving to the subscribers a lien on the proceeds of all the cable that may be saved, and the privilege, in case of success, of receiving gratuitously another £20 share fully paid up. The balance sheet of the Company shows the funds on hand to be only £393. The total expenditures have been £466,658.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company adopted the report of the Board of Directors, and agreed to raise £20,000 to make the attempt to resuscitate the cable, or recover as much of it as possible.

AABRYLET.

The Liverpool *Albion*, of the 18th of February, says:

"In a conversation recently between her Majesty and Lord Palmerston, the French treaty was warmly discussed, and somewhat too earnestly pressed upon her Majesty, who evidently disliked the style of the colloquy. It is said that the Queen, handing Lord Palmerston a slip of paper with these letters, 'AABRYLET,' desired his lordship to form them into one word, which would aptly convey her Majesty's views on the question of the treaty. Your readers shall have the word next week."

FRANCE.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The French Legislature opened on the 1st inst. The Emperor's speech promises every effort for the maintenance of peace; rejoices at the amicable relations with all the European Powers, and hopes for a speedy peace with Cochin China, and the just chastisement of the Chinese for their perfidy. The Emperor also hopes that the Italian affairs are approaching a settlement, and says that he has advised the King of Sardinia that Tuscany must not be annexed, but that the wishes of the other Italian provinces may be entertained, provided the rights of the Holy See are respected in principle.

The safety of the French frontiers, he adds, requires the annexation of Savoy, and he hopes that frank explanations of the question will cause the great Powers to recognize the justice of the claim. He professes astonishment at the agitation of the Catholic world, and points to his efforts on behalf of the Pope. The French army has been reduced by 150,000 men, and would be further reduced but for the Chinese war and the Italian occupation. He concludes by referring to the new free-trade policy, and predicting the most favorable results.

The speech produced a slight depression on the Paris Bourse.

The English journals protest against the annexation of Savoy.

A BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "A grand ball has been given at the Tuileries, which did not terminate till three in the morning. The number of persons present was estimated between four and five thousand. It did not differ in any respect from those which I have so often described. There was the usual throng of uniforms, of gay toilets jammed to death, the usual squeeze into the room on the left of the grand staircase, where tea, coffee, chocolate, ices of every variety, and cakes in abundance, not forgetting that much-prized luxury of the French, rum punch, hot and cold, and the usual round of the Emperor, preceded by the unmeaning face of his grand chamberlain, the Duke de Nassau. To give rarity to it, the Emperor accosted a young man with his empty sleeve pinned to his breast. 'Where did you lose your arm?' said his Majesty. 'At Solferino,' was the reply. 'What reward have you received?' 'None, Sire.' 'Send in your name to me to-morrow, and we will see what can be done.'"

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AS AN INTERCESSOR.

He adds:

"The Prince Imperial has already begun his *rôle* of a merciful intermediator between the law and the execution. Yesterday the sentinels on either side of the Arch of Triumph, which conducts from the Place du Carousal to the Palace of the Tuileries, were so remiss as to allow a carriage to pass under it which did not contain the sacred person of the monarch of France—such privilege being permitted only to him. The Captain of the Voltigeurs who happened to be on guard immediately ordered both sentinels to be placed under arrest. As his orders were in process of execution, the Prince Imperial drove up, and seeing the mournful looks of the unfortunate soldiers, he appealed to the Captain to temper justice with mercy—in a word, he entreated that the sentries might be pardoned, because 'he did not like to see soldiers punished.' Of course he was successful."

ITALY.

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

A dispatch to London says that the Pope is said to be ready to make concessions. Letters dated Rome, Saturday, February 18, state:

"The past week has been the Carnival week, in consequence of which some unusual excitement had occurred. The enthusiasm, however, has been confined chiefly to the Americans and English who were in Rome at the time. This is owing to the fact that on account of the disturbed state of political affairs the Romans will not participate in the gayeties. They may also be influenced by a threat which it is generally understood has been made by the Italians against those of their people who may be seen joining in the festival.

"There has been some fear lest the Carnival should be the means of exciting the people and stirring them up to revolution. The French Commander-in-Chief of the army of occupation therefore stationed a strong line of soldiers from one end of the Corso to the other, who were directed to stand ready to fire upon the people, should appearances render it necessary for the officer in command to give such an order. Nothing, however, of a tragical nature occurred except the killing of four men who were employed to start and stop the horses in the race. The few Romans whose interests obliged them to remain in the Corso might have been seen looking gloomily upon the Carnival, while many others left the city or remained in the environs."

A SPEECH BY THE POPE.

At the annual meeting of the Roman University, on 14th ult., the Pope made a speech. After the usual ceremonies, his Holiness tendered his foot to the kisses of all persons present; he then stood up, and answered, in Italian, these words:

"I gladly accept, gentlemen, the feelings which I feel (*sic*) expressed in your address—both those which refer to your duties as instructors of youth, and those which you express toward our person. As to the former, I advise you to abide with firmness by your resolutions; for the others, I thank you. Certainly our position is at this present moment exceptional. The present disposition of our youth gives us great cause to fear, as they are, indeed, too prone to seduction. Those who venture upon this are not many, it is true; but they are free and bold (*sic*), and by their evil arts they lead the inexperienced into their own way. I have no more to tell you—nay (*sic*), will tell you that I have read in a certain paper a sentence which has attracted my attention, and has pleased me much. This is it. that the political funerals of the Popes breathe an air of life. Yes, certainly, instructed by the history of our predecessors, I have found out that this sentence is true. I add, that that spirit of prayer which is so universally aroused among the Catholics is also the work of God, and we may, therefore, confidently trust that no greater evils will oppress us. What has occurred in this place (alluding to the riot among the students) is an event which I do not wish to recall to mind—nay, I will not speak of it. I wish, however, to tell you, that before leaving home (*sic*) I have received some information which has greatly consoled me. In a second-rate Italian town which has gone asunder from the Pontifical dominions, and where a high-school exists—you understand me, Bologna—some good priests have celebrated a mass according to the intention (mark well!) of the Holy Father. The fact being brought to the knowledge of those young men (the students), they have clubbed their money to have other masses said to this same holy purpose. I do not say this to induce you to follow their example—oh, no! I say it only to tell you of my great satisfaction, since prayer is what we must principally rely upon; and I am certain that the prayers of so many Catholics throughout the world will not be unfruitful before the Lord, whose blessing I invoke upon you. Benedictus," etc.

HIS TEST OF HUMAN FITNESS FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

The London *Times* (February 22) Florence correspondent furnishes the following anecdote regarding his Holiness, which is considered authentic:

"A few days ago he was walking out of the Porta Angelica, preceded and followed by his Noble Guards, accompanied by two Monsignori. He was conversing with these prelates on various matters, when he stopped short before an old countryman who was kneeling on the high road, soliciting his blessing. 'Are you a Christian?' asked the Pope; and as the poor fellow, all taken aback, was dumb, the question was again and again repeated, with sharp eagerness. 'Please your Holiness, I am' ('*Santo Padre, si*'), at last stammered out the countryman. 'Do you know the Ten Commandments?' pursued the apostolical catechist. '*Santo Padre, si*,' was again the answer; whereupon the Pontiff bade him tell them one by one. The poor dumbfounded fellow tried one or two, then jumped over to the fifth or sixth, perceived his mistake, and his confusion became worse confounded, till he fairly broke. The Pope then walked on with his suite, and said, triumphantly, 'Let the people learn God's Commandments by heart, and then they will be fit for independence.'"

PLEASANT STATE OF THINGS IN VENICE.

The circular of the Governor of Venetia states that all persons who, from their previous conduct and known opinions, might seem capable of entertaining projects hostile to Austria, are to be compelled to enter the military service, and be incorporated in companies of discipline. The military authorities are to be the sole judges of the propriety of enrolling any persons denounced. The local authorities are ordered to send in a list of suspected persons by the 5th of March.

GARIBALDI'S MARRIAGE.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, referring to Garibaldi's marriage, states that on the morning of the wedding, the General received information as to the antecedents of his bride, which led to a long and stormy interview with her father, and to his subsequent departure. He has not since rejoined his wife, and an Austrian report says that the General has applied to the Pope for a dispensation from his marriage vows."

The *Gazette de Lausanne* gives the following, taken from a Lucerne journal: "The young wife of Garibaldi has arrived at Lucerne, in company with an adjutant of her husband. The officer being challenged to a duel by the General, replied to it by flight."

SPAIN.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The *Correspondencia Autographa* mentions that Marshal O'Donnell had remitted to the Moors the following bases for the conclusion of peace. Possession of all the territory conquered, including Tetuan; an indemnity of 200,000 reals; an engagement to respect the Catholic religion; and commercial stipulations favorable to Spain. A delay terminating on the 23d was granted for a reply. It was doubtful if the Moors would accept the terms.

A majority of the Madrid journals were opposed to the conclusion of peace, and demanded the occupation of Tangiers.

The correspondent of the London *Times* at the seat of war writes that the opinion there was that the Spanish Government would not show itself deficient in generosity, and that the war was as good as over.

The Moorish loss in the battle of the 4th was estimated at 1000. Upon their defeat the Arabs committed great excesses, and could not be restrained, although 16 were put to death on the spot.

Muley Abbas, with his defeated force, was half-way between Tetuan and Tangiers.

At the latest date no reply had been received to the conditions of peace, and O'Donnell was preparing further operations.

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

THE LAST FROM THE "HUNGARIAN."

We read in the Yarmouth (Nova Scotia) *Tribune:*

"The ill-fated steamship is reported to have been seen by a coasting vessel, off Liverpool, about 6 P.M. on Sunday, 19th ult., apparently steering N.N.W., which, unless she were at a distance of at least twenty-five miles from the coast, must have been nearly four points off her true course. At three o'clock on the following morning a man named Barry Nickerson, residing on Cape Sable, descried, exactly in the direction of the reef known as the 'Horse Race,' what he took to be the lights of a steamer. These lights when first seen were stationary, and remained immovably in the same position, as our informant thinks, for more than half an hour, when they appeared to move very swiftly in a northwesterly direction, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes became once more stationary. Mr. Henry Nickerson, who resides on Fish Island, states that he first saw the light in the position which the wreck now occupies at four o'clock, and comprehending that some unknown vessel was in distress, aroused his son and a neighbor, crossed in a fishing skiff the inlet which divides the island from Cape Sable, and, in the hope of attracting the attention of the crew, exhibited a lighted lantern from the highest point of land that could be found.

"The lights of the unknown vessel continued to be visible until daybreak, when they disappeared, probably in consequence of the fall of the mast to which they were attached. As day dawned the hull of a large steamship was plainly discernible on the 'Great Rip,' a dangerous ledge about two miles southwest of Cape Sable, the foremast gone, the mainmast, mizzenmast, and smoke-pipe only standing, and the sea making a constant breach over the ship. The rigging of the mainmast had the appearance, according to the statements of our informants, of being crowded with human beings, to the number of between fifty and sixty—a supposition we see no reason to discredit. About half an hour after sunrise the mainmast was seen to go overboard, the smoke-pipe disappeared soon afterward, and the mizzenmast followed about 10 A.M. The spectacle is described by those who witnessed it as one of terrific grandeur—the sea around white with breakers, the doomed ship rolling heavily, as surge after surge broke against her iron sides, the spray dashing in volumes to the height of her mast-head, and the billows pouring in ceaseless cataracts over her decks.

WHAT HAS BEEN SAVED.

"The violence of the sea during the morning and the early part of the day was so great that no attempt could be made to approach the ship. Not even a lifeboat, it is affirmed, could have been got with safety through the breakers which environed the coast.

"At nine A.M. the wreck began to break up, and the surface of the deep was soon strewn with packages of light goods, the lading of her upper decks. The ebb tide, aided by a strong westerly wind, carried these articles for the first few hours in the direction of Baccaro, and into the bays and inlets beyond. The flood tide, for the next few hours, carried whatever was washed from the wreck in an opposite direction. On Tuesday, the wind having moderated, and the sea being comparatively smooth, a great number of boats and several small vessels put off in search of the drifting merchandise. Between four and five hundred boats, it is computed, were for the first three or four days engaged in this manner. The bales being generally of a size which precluded their being taken into a boat, were broken open with a few blows of an axe, the contents lifted on board, and the box allowed to go adrift. The quantity of goods thus saved must have been immense; but their wide dispersion will render the task of collecting them for sale rather a formidable undertaking.

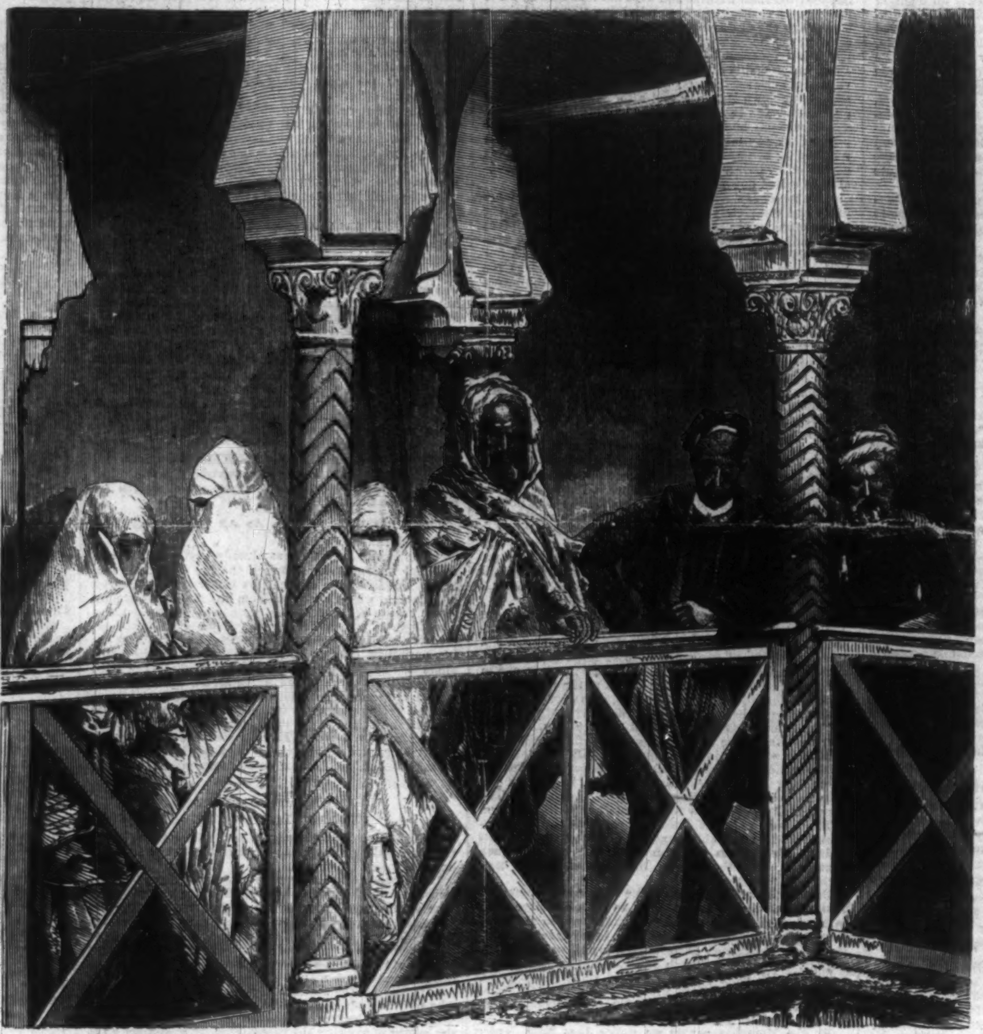
"Several of the mail-bags of the *Hungarian* were picked up on Tuesday, and one or two others on the following day. These were taken charge of by the magistrates, and have ere now been forwarded to Halifax. A boat of about fifteen feet keel, with the oars lashed, drifted into Port Latour bottom up. Other boats, shattered to pieces, have been seen floating in the vicinity. The gunwale of one of them was picked up by Captain Cook, of the schooner *Melrose*, on Saturday. One of the masts came ashore at Shag Harbor, and another at Fish Island. The latter spar has still attached to it a portion of the plate iron by which it was connected with the decks. The only bodies yet found were that of a man, supposed to have been one of the fireman of the ship, which was found at Shag Harbor, and that of a female child, about two years old, which was washed ashore at Stoney Island. Inquests were held on both these bodies, and both were decently interred. The report that the body of a man had been discovered at Cat Point, near Baccaro, is without foundation, as is, also, we hope, the statement that the corpse of an infant, picked up at sea, was consigned again to the deep by the owner of the boat, in his eagerness to secure the tempting prizes with which the surface of the water at the time was covered."

STEAMERS AND TELEGRAPHS IN CANADA.

The Canadian Parliament on 10th voted $8000 per voyage to the Canadian line of steamers, and $10,000 a year for the telegraph to Belle Isle.

It is projected to run a submarine cable from some point on the St. Lawrence at or below the present terminus of the Montreal Telegraph Company's line, to a point on the Labrador shore, at the Straits of Belle Isle. The channel at the selected place is so narrow that all vessels passing through the Straits approach within half a mile of the main land. This extension of the telegraph wire reduces communication between Europe and America to about six days, as the length of the proposed cable is some 500 miles, or nearly two full days' steaming distance.

THE WAR IN MOROCCO.



MOORISH LIFE—ON THE BALCONY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

IN connection with the pending war in Morocco, which, from present appearances, promises nearly to extinguish the ancient race of Moors—once the rulers of Spain, and one of the most powerful nations on the earth—we give a couple of pictures of Moorish life, from photographs lately taken. One represents the outside of a Moorish house, with three dark-faced, unpleasant-looking gentlemen staring down into the street, with their wives beside them. The other introduces us to the *sanctum sanctorum*—the inner chamber of a fine Moorish lady, whose attendants, like herself, wear that expression of listless, voluptuous apathy peculiar to that climate.

The details of the movements of the hostile armies now warring in Morocco are given from week to week in this paper, in the columns devoted to news. We are sure that our readers will prefer to any account of battles and sieges the following lively extract from a recent work of travel, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray's Journey through Morocco:

"I was soon able to discover that the natives of this sunny clime have a much more ample standard of beauty than any by which the taste, the judgment, and the senses of Europeans are directed. Learn, my readers, from the shores of Northern Africa what genuine beauty is, and henceforth bestow your admiration only where it is due. Beauty, then, is size, magnitude, amplitude—let me not mince matters, but say the word at once, excessive fatness. The lady whom, being now enlightened, we looked upon as the very *beau ideal* of Moorish beauty, was perfectly ungainly in appearance, and of the most unwieldy proportions; but these were the qualities that made her the cynosure of all eyes, the points of attraction which rendered her irresistible, and which excited tender feelings in the hearts of her admirers. The gentle lover's admiration, in Morocco, increases with the size of his mistress, and his devotion becomes unlimited along with her proportions. Benighted Europeans appear to have some anticipation of the truth when they occasionally speak of a young lady who is not quite sylph-like in form as making a good armful. The perfect Moorish standard of female beauty is considered to be attained when a woman is a load for a camel. Our Hebrew Venus had certainly reached that standard, for her arms hung down with fat, and her fingers, which were loaded with rings, had swollen over them, so that if not quite a load for two camels, she was assuredly more than enough for one.

"The Jewesses of Barbary, especially when young, are most classically beautiful. Their features are almost invariably finely chiseled, and their black eyes, which are not piercing as in Spain, but pearly and melting, are full of repose. The first impression, perhaps, on observing them, is that the pupils are unnaturally large and distended; but this appearance, which is considered to add to their beauty, is produced by art, as one can easily detect on approaching the ladies nearer, and by observing them more closely. The cohol-stained eyelid at once discovered the secret as to the means by which this highly-prized mark of beauty is produced. The operation is performed by drawing a small silver instrument like a bodkin, which has been previously dipped in the appropriate liquid, over the edges of the eyelids on the inner sides. The sensation caused by this operation, which is effected with the eyelids closed, is said to be very agreeable and refreshing; and when the complexion and the eyes are dark, it undoubtedly produces an appearance of beauty, and if the reality is already there, increases and heightens its effect. The operation, however, is seldom successful when it is tried as an experiment on English ladies, their ruddy complexions, light eyes, and fair hair forming an *ensemble* which is not capable of the slightest improvement by such means. The application altogether, in such cases, produces a very disagreeable effect; and the countenance, instead of being rendered more beautiful and expressive, assumes a remarkably coarse and dirty appearance.

"Animal beauty, however, is all that the Jewess of Barbary possesses. Physically she is a beautiful creature, but she is nothing more. Her intellect is without cultivation; she is a stranger to refinement; no expression animates her otherwise fine countenance; and she is totally without any distinct character of her own. However beautiful and attractive she may be in appearance, one turns away without interest or emotion from a being who can hardly be said to have a soul, or whose better part, at least, in consequence of the circumstances under the influence of which she has been reared, has been lulled into something like an almost unending sleep.

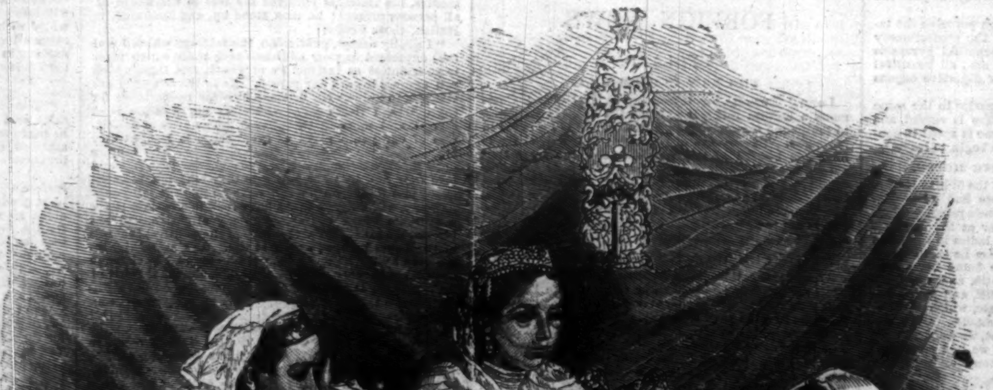
"Mohammedan countries are perhaps the only ones where a woman can be said to possess, in some respects at least, any advantages of liberty over men. The Christian woman is unrestrained in her movements, and can freely enter the houses and harems, where she is known, when she pleases; and the Moorish woman, wrapped up in the ample folds of her garments, and so disguised as to baffle every prying eye, can roam about the town in whatever direction she may choose, without incurring the slightest risk of being recognized. During the nine years which I resided in Tangier, I had many opportunities of visiting the Moorish women, and of closely observing their character. I found them generally to be idle, good-natured, gossiping, and frivolous—possessing, in fact, all those small peculiarities of character that distinguish women in our own Christian country. The superintendence of their domestic affairs formed their gravest and most important occupation. Surrounding themselves with a hideous posse of black slaves, each one with her own progeny around her, the wife reigns supreme over her sooty circle, and lords it most superbly in their midst. If she wishes to bestow her attention on some more light and elegant occupation, she resorts to embroidery, a never-failing refuge for her unoccupied hands in her many idle hours during the long, hot, and sunny day. I remember one monstrous creature—a Moorish beauty—the wife of an official, who, on receiving me, felt my clothes and counted my fingers, to see if a Nazarene woman was in all points made like herself. My gloves next attracted her attention, and she proceeded to examine them, although, from some cause, she shrank from them at first with fear. She was, as is usual here, very beautiful down to the chin, and her complexion was as fair as that of an English matron. Her black languishing eyes, like those of the Jewesses, were stained with *al cohol;* and besides the extreme whiteness of her skin, she possessed that peculiarly marble-like quality which is only obtained by the frequent use of the bath. Her hair was flowing down in rich luxuriance over her shoulders, and the head and face altogether presented an appearance of remarkable beauty. But the extraordinary size of her body, which was quite overwhelming, I found rather difficult to recognize as any recommendation in the way of beauty, according to my European standard, which I do not find myself quite prepared to dispense with.

"In Morocco the Moorish maiden, on her betrothal, undergoes a regular course of fattening, which is continuously carried on till her marriage, and which is conducted on the same principle as that on which our farmers fatten fowls. While undergoing the process, she sits all day in a dimly-lighted room, and is stuffed incessantly with Enscupoo, a preparation of flour, which is the national dish of Morocco; in addition to which she drinks copiously of water. While undergoing this regimen she is dressed lightly, and in order to prevent any exertion or exercise on her part, she wears a gigantic pair of silver anklets, of great weight, the presence of which renders rest more desirable than the slightest locomotion. This process continues for some time, and the indolence of the mind being added to that of the body, she is sure, ere long, to arrive at the orthodox amplitude.

"I was fortunate enough in having an opportunity of witnessing the process of a lady's toilet. The first thing she did was to paint her face with a white creamy mixture, then to connect the eyebrows by a thick black daub of about half an inch in width. The eyes also had an extra tint of *al cohol*. . . . . Her head-dress was costly and magnificent beyond all description. It consisted, in the first place, of the richest jewels, the favorite emeralds and pearls predominating among them. They arose in glittering succession, one above another, until, in consequence of the manner in which they were arranged, they assumed the appearance of a magnificent bishop's mitre. The adornment of the head was completed by a knotted silk handkerchief, with which it was surmounted. But with all the richness of the ornaments, there was such an absence of taste in the manner in which they were disposed, that the head and face formed altogether a grotesque and barbarous spectacle. The remainder of her person was no less profusely covered with sparkling gems. Strings of gorgeous pearls, and antique chains of massive gold, were suspended from her neck. A crimson caftan, or dress, much of the shape of an English gentleman's dressing-gown, was taken from the chest of drawers and tried on. But its color suggested a serious objection to it. The unavoidable consideration that it would emulate the rich and glowing scarlet of the cheeks induced the lady to discard it without hesitation, and to seek for a more suitable substitute.

"The momentous question of what she should wear, therefore, again became the subject of deliberation, and after many *pros* for this, and many *cons* against that, a decision was at length, with some difficulty, arrived at. A pale blue caftan, embroidered with silver, carried the day. Having found a way for her ample proportions into the selected garment, a somewhat shorter one, of crape-like material, which spangled all over, was thrown over it. Her bodice, which was worn open, was richly embroidered with gold; and one of those superb striped scarfs, which are generally worn in this country, was tied round her not very slender waist. The sleeves of the dress were wide and flowing, leaving the arms, except where they were covered with the peculiar bracelets worn here, quite exposed and bare. These bracelets, which are extremely heavy and massive, consist of a solid gold band, with silver and gold projections; and they have been adopted even by some of our own fair countrywomen who have visited Morocco. Her fingers were painted with little sprigs in bright orange henna, as were also her feet, which, to match her hands, were stained with ornaments of the same bright color. The latter, considering the immense proportions of the other parts of her body, were unnaturally diminutive, perhaps appearing by contrast even more so than they really were. They must have been very much impeded, however, in the process of locomotion, by the ponderous anklets of chased silver, with the burden of which most Moorish women are oppressed. The red slippers which, with one exception, terminate our description of her attire, were made to match in richness of material and ornament the other parts of her dress, being elaborately adorned with embroidery of silver thread and silks of varied color. All these particular portions of her toilet having been carefully adjusted, a large clear muslin scarf was thrown over her shoulders; and as it retained all its crispness, it produced a remarkably angular effect in the appearance of her immense proportions.

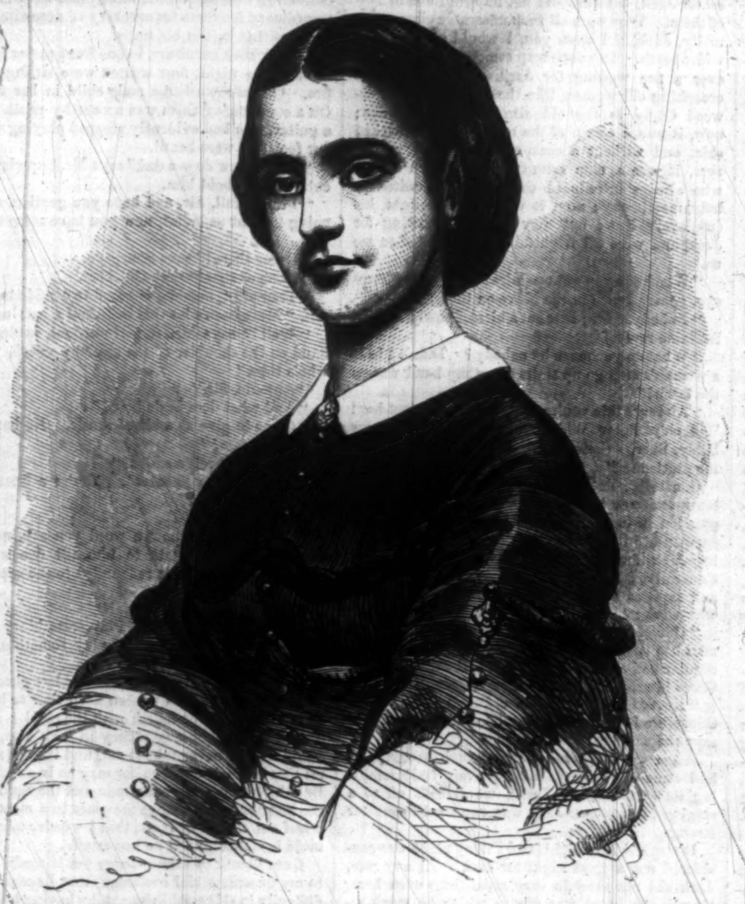
"One touch of lemon to heighten the crimson bloom on the cheeks, and the most secret lore of the toilet can do nothing more to add to the effect of her personal charms. She is now ready to take her departure for the house where the important entertainment is to be given.



MOORISH LIFE—IN-DOORS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

She beckons to me to follow her, and with nothing left visible but one eye, which might be any body's, for she has enveloped herself, for her passage through the streets, in the ample folds of the large Moorish *Haikh*, she proceeds to thread her way through narrow and dirty lanes."

MISS ADELINA PATTI, THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.



MISS ADELINA PATTI, THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

WE present herewith a portrait of Miss Adelina Patti, the new *prima donna*, whose success at the Academy of Music in this city, and elsewhere, has been the subject of so much comment. Miss Patti is almost an American; the English is the tongue she knows and likes best. The following sketch of her was written by an enthusiastic admirer:

"Miss Adelina Patti was born at Madrid, Spain, April 9, 1843. Her mother, Madame Barili Patti, was the *prima donna* of the Grand Theatre at Madrid, and on the evening preceding the birth of Adelina, the youngest of a large family, Madame had sung 'Norma,' in which *rôle* she had a high reputation. Curiously enough, after the birth of Adelina, Madame Patti lost her voice almost entirely, and has always believed that it was given to the child.

"Madame Patti left Madrid as soon as possible after Adelina's birth, and returned to Milan, the permanent residence of her family. Here the impresario Strakosch made the acquaintance of the new *prima donna*, then only four months old. The Patti family emigrated to this country in 1844, when Patti *père* joined Sanquirico, the buffo, in the management of the Italian Opera, Chambers Street. There were four daughters of Madame Patti, all artists. The eldest, Clotilda Barili, married the son of Colonel Thorne. Amalia, the next, is the wife of Mr. Strakosch. Carlotta resides in this city, and is an accomplished teacher of music; and the latest edition of this fair musical libretto is Adelina, the subject of this sketch.

"Adelina was what is called a precocious child. She could sing almost before she could speak. She caught up at the age of four all the gems of the operas, and sang them correctly. Her first public appearance was made at the age of nine years, when Mr. Strakosch, Ole Bull, and the infantile *prima donna* made a tour in the provinces, where Adelina sang all the great pieces made familiar by Jenny Lind, Sontag, Bosio, and others. The little lady created the greatest enthusiasm, and her share of the profits amounted to twenty thousand dollars, which her father invested in a country seat, the summer residence of the family.

"Although so far advanced in art, Adelina had not forgotten to be a child. She always took her doll to the theatre or concert-room, and once refused to sing unless 'Maurice' (Strakosch) would allow her to carry it on the stage. Once she had sung a very difficult cavatina in such a way as to 'bring down the house' with tremendous applause. When the calm came after the storm, Adelina having recognized on one of the front benches a child of her own age, said, in a clear, smooth voice, 'Nelly, come to my room right away; I've got such a beautiful doll to show you, and we'll have such fun!' The effect of this *naiveté* upon the audience may be imagined.

"At this time our *prima donna* received the highest compliments from Sontag, who told her that she would be one of the greatest singers in the world; and from Alboni, who said if she went to Paris she would make such a *furore* as is seldom seen there.

"After the concert tour with Strakosch, Miss Patti went to the West Indies with Gottschalk, the pianist. In Havana she sang, in costume, the duet in the 'Barber of Seville,' with her brother Bariti. The enthusiastic Havanese made such a row in recalling her that she ran away frightened, and could not be persuaded to go upon the stage again. Throughout the Indies she divided the honors with Gottschalk, and at Porto Rico had an offer of marriage (she was then fourteen) from the richest proprietor in the place. But that diamond wedding did not come off. Adelina is still in 'maiden meditation, fancy free,' and is *devouée* only to art."

Miss Patti made her first appearance at the Academy of Music this winter. She has since sung the following parts: Lucia, in "Lucia de Lammermoor;" Amina, in "Sonnambula;" Elvira, in "Puritani;" Henrietta, in "Martha;" Zerlina, in "Don Giovanni;" Rosina, in "Barbiere," etc., etc. She will shortly appear in "Don Pasquale," "Figlia del Reggimento," and "Linda." Her voice is a soprano, whose volume will probably increase by-and-by; her method is admirable. A very distinguished critic thus noticed her singing at her *début*:

"Her appearance was that of a very young lady, petite and interesting, with just a tinge of the school-room in her manner. She was apparently self-possessed, but not self-assured. After the first few bars of recitative she launched boldly into the cavatina—one of the most difficult pieces in the opera. This she sang perfectly, displaying a thorough Italian method and a high soprano voice, fresh, full, and even throughout. In the succeeding *cabaletta*, which was brilliantly executed, Miss Patti took the high note E flat above the line with the greatest ease. In the duet with the tenor (Brignoli), and that with the baritone (Ferri), and the mad scene, Miss Patti sang with sympathetic tenderness—a rare gift in one so young—and increased the enthusiasm of the audience to a positive *furore*, which was demonstrated in the usual way—recalls, bouquets, wreaths, etc., etc."

HOW BABIES ARE PUT TO SLEEP IN INDIA.

THE accompanying sketch exhibits a scene of daily occurrence in India, in the lower range of the Himalayas between Simla and the plains. It refers to the custom which is adopted by the women to lull their children to sleep, so that, while wrapped in slumber, they may themselves be able to go forth either to labor on the road or assist in the cultivation of the small patches of ground that, by an ingenious amount of terracing, enables the hill-man to rear grain for the few inhabitants who have their tiny homes, or hovels, perched upon every accessible space suitable for the safe erection of a domicile. Springs of water are abundant, and near one of these, where it flows in a silvery stream, on a ledge or field immediately beneath it, the children, from even a month old to three or four years of age, are brought and laid down. By means of a small piece of a slit bamboo a slight flow of water is obtained from the stream, and the bamboo slip is so adjusted that the water falling from above alights on the well-shaven crown of the child and trickles off: thus the child falls asleep, and the unceasing flow of the water on its head keeps up a perpetual lullaby: and so, for hours and hours the most refractory infant is quieted and left without apprehension by the mother, who, when her work is over, returns to the spot, hoists up her child on to her hip, and sallies home. A more picturesque scene than what is occasionally exhibited by this daily performance is scarcely to be met with in the East, and forms one of the most characteristic and striking pictures that gratify the traveler in the Himalayas.

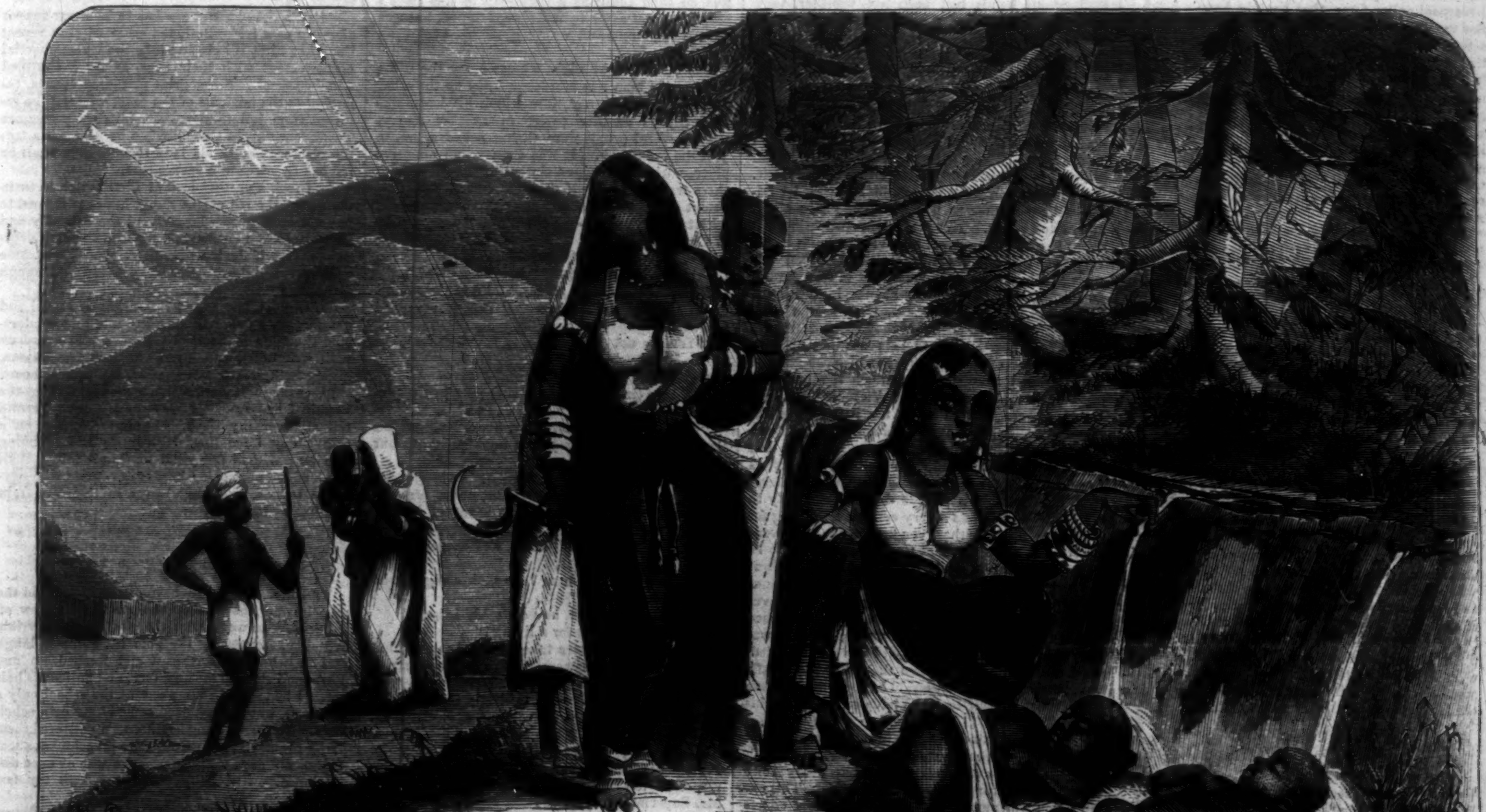
We are not prepared to recommend the example to those of our American fellow-countrywomen who have troublesome babies; but the custom is curious and interesting.

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. IV.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Is the sweet little cherub who sits smiling aloft and keeps watch on the life of Poor Jack, commissioned to take charge of Mercantile Jack, as well as Jack of the national navy? If not, who is? What is the cherub about, and what are we all about, when Poor Mercantile Jack is having his brains slowly knocked out by pennyweights, aboard the brig *Beelzebub*, or the bark *Bowie-knife*—when he looks his last at that infernal craft, with the first



HOW THEY PUT BABIES TO SLEEP IN INDIA.

officer's iron boot-heel in his remaining eye, or with his dying body towed overboard in the ship's wake, while the cruel wounds in it do "the multitudinous seas incarnadine?"

If it be unreasonable, then am I the most unreasonable of men, for I believe it with all my soul.

Is it unreasonable to entertain a belief that if, aboard the brig *Beelzebub* or the bark *Bowie-knife*, the first officer did half the damage to cotton that he does to men, there would presently arise from both sides of the Atlantic so vociferous an invocation of the sweet little cherub who sits calculating aloft, keeping watch on the markets that pay, that such vigilant cherub would, with a winged sword, have that gallant officer's organ of destructiveness out of his head in the space of a flash of lightning?

This was my thought as I walked the dock-quays at Liverpool, keeping watch on poor Mercantile Jack. Alas for me! I have long outgrown the state of sweet little cherub; but there I was, and there Mercantile Jack was, and very busy he was, and very cold he was: the snow yet lying in the frozen furrows of the land, and the northeast winds snipping off the tops of the little waves in the Mersey, and rolling them into hailstones to pelt him with. Mercantile Jack was hard at it, in the hard weather, as he mostly is in all weathers, poor Jack. He was girded to ships' masts and funnels of steamers, like a forester to a great oak, scraping and painting; he was lying out on yards, furling sails that tried to beat him off; he was dimly discernible up in a world of giant cobwebs, reefing and splicing; he was faintly audible down in holds, stowing and unshipping cargo; he was winding round and round at capstans, melodious, monotonous, and drunk; he was of a diabolical aspect, with coaling for the Antipodes; he was washing decks barefoot, with the breast of his red shirt open to the blast, though it was sharper than the knife in his leathern girdle; he was looking over bulwarks, all eyes and hair; he was standing by at the shoot of the Cunard steamer, off to-morrow, as the stocks in trade of several butchers, poulterers, and fishmongers, poured down into the ice-house; he was coming aboard of other vessels, with his kit in a tarpaulin bag, attended by plunderers to the very last moment of his shore-going existence. As though his senses, when released from the uproar of the elements, were under obligation to be confused by other turmoil, there was a rattling of wheels, a clattering of hoofs, a clashing of iron, a jolting of cotton and hides and casks and timber, an incessant deafening disturbance, on the quays, that was the very madness of sound. And as, in the midst of it, he stood swaying about, with his hair blown all manner of wild ways, rather crazedly taking leave of his plunderers, all the rigging in the docks was shrill in the wind, and every little steamer coming and going across the Mersey was sharp in its blowing off, and every buoy in the river bobbed spitefully up and down, as if there were a general taunting chorus of "Come along, Mercantile Jack! Ill-lodged, ill-fed, ill-used, hocussed, entrapped, anticipated, cleaned out. Come along, poor Mercantile Jack, and be tempest-tossed till you are drowned!"

The uncommercial transaction which had brought me and Jack together was this: I had entered the Liverpool police-force, that I might have a look at the various unlawful traps which are every night set for Jack. As my term of service in that distinguished corps was short, and my personal bias in the capacity of one of its members has ceased, no suspicion will attach to my evidence that it is an admirable force. Besides that it is composed, without favor, of the best men that can be picked, it is directed by an unusual intelligence. Its organization against Fires I take to be much better than the metropolitan system, and in all respects it tempers its remarkable vigilance with a still more remarkable discretion.

Jack had knocked off work in the docks some hours, and I had taken, for purposes of identification, a photograph-likeness of a thief, in the portrait-room at our head police-office (on the whole, he seemed rather complimented by the proceeding), and I had been on police-parade, and the small hand of the clock was moving on to ten, when I took up my lantern to follow Mr. Superintendent to the traps that were set for Jack. In Mr. Superintendent I saw, as any body might, a tall, well-looking, well set-up man of soldierly bearing, with a cavalry air, a good chest, and a resolute but not by any means ungentle face. He carried in his hand a plain black walking-stick of hard wood: and whenever and wherever, at any after-time of the night, he struck it on the pavement with a ringing sound, it instantly produced a whistle out of the darkness, and a policeman. To this remarkable stick I refer an air of mystery and magic which pervaded the whole of my perquisition among the traps that were set for Jack.

We began by diving into the obscurest streets and lanes of the port. Suddenly pausing in a flow of cheerful discourse, before a dead wall, apparently some ten miles long, Mr. Superintendent struck upon the ground, and the wall opened and shot out, with military salute of hand to temple, two policemen—not in the least surprised themselves, not in the least surprising Mr. Superintendent.

"All right, Sharpeye?"

"All right, Sir."

"All right, Trampfoot?"

"All right, Sir."

"Is Quickear there?"

"Here am I, Sir."

"Come with us."

"Yes, Sir."

So Sharpeye went before, and Mr. Superintendent and I went next, and Trampfoot and Quickear marched as rear-guard. Sharpeye, I soon had occasion to remark, had a skillful and quite professional way of opening doors—touched latches delicately, as if they were keys of musical instruments—opened every door he touched, as if he were confident that there was stolen property behind it—instantly insinuated himself, to prevent its being shut.

Sharpeye opened several doors of traps that were set for Jack, but Jack did not happen to be in any of them. They were all such miserable places that really, Jack, if I were you, I would give them a wider berth. In every trap somebody was sitting over a fire waiting for Jack. Now, it was a crouching old woman, like the picture of the Norwood Gipsy in the old sixpenny dream-books; now, it was a crimp of the male sex in a checked shirt and without a coat, reading a newspaper; now, it was a man crimp and a woman crimp, who always introduced themselves as united in holy matrimony; now, it was Jack's delight, his (un)lovely Nan; but they were all waiting for Jack, and were all frightfully disappointed to see us.

"Who have you got up stairs here?" says Sharpeye, generally. (In the Move-on tone.)

"Nobody, Surr; sure not a blessed sowl!" (Irish feminine reply.)

"What do you mean by nobody? Didn't I hear a woman's step go up stairs when my hand was on the latch?"

"Ah! sure thin you're rhight, Surr, I forgot her! 'Tis on'y Betsy White, Surr. Ah! you know Betsy, Surr. Come down, Betsy darlin', and say the gintlemin."

Generally, Betsy looks over the balusters (the steep staircase is in the room) with a forcible expression in her protesting face, of an intention to compensate herself for the present trial by grinding Jack finer than usual when he does come. Generally, Sharpeye turns to Mr. Superintendent, and says, as if the subjects of his remarks were wax-work:

"One of the worst, Sir, this house is. This woman has been indicted three times. This man's a regular bad one likewise. His real name is Pegg. Gives himself out as Waterhouse."

"Never had sitch a name as Pegg near me back, thin, since I was in this house, bee the good Lard!" says the woman.

When we had gone in many such houses, and had come out (always leaving every body relapsing into waiting for Jack), we started off to a singing-house where Jack was expected to muster strong.

It was a Friday night, and Friday night was considered not a good night for Jack. At any rate, Jack did not show in very great force even here, though the house was one to which he much resorts, and where a good deal of money is taken. There was British Jack, a little maudlin and sleepy, lolling over his emptied glass, as if he were trying to read his fortune at the bottom; there was Loafing Jack of the Stars and Stripes, rather an unpromising customer, with his long nose, lank cheek, high cheek-bones, and nothing soft about him but his cabbage-leaf hat; there was Spanish Jack with curls of black hair, rings in his ears, and a knife not far from his hand, if you got into trouble with him; there were Maltese Jack, and Jack of Sweden, and Jack the Finn, looming through the smoke of their pipes, and turning faces that looked as if they were carved out of dark wood, toward the young lady dancing the hornpipe, who found the platform so exceedingly small for it that I had a nervous expectation of seeing her, in the backward steps, disappear through the window. Still, if all hands had been got together, they would not have more than half filled the room. Observe, however, said Mr. Licensed Victualer, the host, that it was Friday night, and, besides, it was getting on for twelve, and Jack had gone aboard. A sharp and watchful man, Mr. Licensed Victualer the host, with tight lips and a complete edition of Cocker's arithmetic in each eye. Attended to his business himself, he said. Always on the spot. When he heard of talent, trusted nobody's account of it, but went off by rail to see it. If true talent, engaged it. Pounds a week for talent—four pound—five pound. Banjo Bones was undoubted talent. Hear this instrument that was going to play—it was real talent! In truth it was very good; a kind of piano-accordion, played by a young girl of a delicate prettiness of face, figure, and dress, that made the audience look coarser. She sang to the instrument, too; first, a song about village bells, and how they chimed; then a song about how I went to sea; winding up with an imitation of the bagpipes, which Mercantile Jack seemed to understand much the best. A good girl, said Mr. Licensed Victualer. Kept herself select. Sat in Snug, not listening to the blandishments of Mates. Lived with mother. Father dead. Once a merchant well to do, but over-speculated himself. On delicate inquiry as to salary paid for item of talent under consideration, Mr. Victualer's pounds dropped suddenly to shillings—still it was a very comfortable thing for a young person like that, you know; she only went on six times a night, and was only required to be there from six at night to twelve. What was more conclusive was, Mr. Victualer's assurance that he "never allowed any language, and never suffered any disturbance." Sharpeye confirmed the statement, and the order that prevailed was the best proof of it that could have been cited. So I came to the conclusion that Poor Mercantile Jack might do (as I am afraid he does) much worse than trust himself to Mr. Victualer, and pass his evenings here.

The night was now well on into the morning, but for miles and hours we explored a strange world, where nobody ever goes to bed, but every body is eternally sitting up, waiting for Jack. This exploration was among a labyrinth of dismal courts and blind alleys, called Entries, kept in wonderful order by the police, and in much better order than by the corporation: the want of gaslight in the most dangerous and infamous of these places being quite unworthy of so spirited a town. I need describe but two or three of the houses in which Jack was waited for, as specimens of the rest. Many we attained by noisome passages, so profoundly dark that we felt our way with our hands. Not one of the whole number we visited was without its show of prints and ornamental crockery; the quantity of the latter set forth on little shelves and in little cases, in otherwise wretched rooms, indicating that Mercantile Jack must have an extraordinary fondness for crockery to necessitate so much of that bait in his traps.

Among such garniture, in one front parlor in the dead of the night, four women were sitting by a fire. One of them had a male child in her arms. On a stool among them was a swarthy youth with a guitar, who had evidently stopped playing when our footsteps were heard.

"Well! how do *you* do?" says Mr. Superintendent, looking about him.

"Pretty well, Sir, and hope you gentlemen are going to treat us ladies, now you have come to see us."

"Order there!" says Sharpeye.

"None of that!" says Quickear.

"Trampfoot, outside, is heard to confide to himself, "Meggisson's lot this is. And a bad 'un!"

"Well!" says Mr. Superintendent, laying his hand on the shoulder of the swarthy youth, "and who's this?"

"Antonio, Sir."

"And what does *he* do here?"

"Come to give us a bit of music. No harm in that, I suppose?"

"A young foreign sailor?"

"Yes. He's a Spaniard. You're a Spaniard, ain't you, Antonio?"

"Me Spanish."

"And he don't know a word you say, not he, not if you was to talk to him till doomsday." (Triumphantly, as if it redounded to the credit of the house.)

"Will he play something?"

"Oh yes, if you like. Play something, Antonio. *You* ain't ashamed to play something, are you?"

The cracked guitar raises the feeblest ghost of a tune, and three of the women keep time to it with their heads, and the fourth with the child. If Antonio has brought any money in with him, I am afraid he will never take it out, and it even strikes me that his jacket and guitar may be in a bad way. But the look of the young man and the tinkling of the instrument so change the place in a moment to a leaf out of Don Quixote, that I wonder where his mule is stabled, until he leaves off.

I am bound to acknowledge (as it tends rather to my uncommercial confusion) that I occasioned a difficulty in this establishment, by having taken the child in my arms. For, on my offering to restore it to a ferocious joker, not unstimulated by rum, who claimed to be its mother, that unnatural parent put her hands behind her and declined to accept it; backing into the fire-place, and very shrilly declaring, regardless of remonstrance from her friends, that she knowed it to be Law that whoever took a child from its mother of his own will was bound to stick to it. The uncommercial sense of being in a rather ridiculous position with the poor little child, beginning to be frightened, was relieved by my worthy friend and fellow-constable Trampfoot, who, laying hands on the article as if it were a Bottle, passed it on to the nearest woman, and bade her "take hold of that." As we came out the Bottle was passed to the ferocious joker, and they all sat down as before, including Antonio and the guitar. It was clear that there was no such thing as a night-cap to this baby's head, and that even he never went to bed, but was always kept up—and would grow up, kept up—waiting for Jack.

Later still in the night we came (by the court "where the man was murdered," and by the other court across the street, into which his body was dragged) to another parlor in another Entry, where several people were sitting round a fire, in just the same way. It was a dirty and offensive place, with some ragged clothes drying in it; but there was a high shelf over the entrance door (to be out of the reach of marauding hands, possibly) with two large white loaves on it, and a great piece of Cheshire cheese.

"Well!" said Mr. Superintendent, with a comprehensive look all round, "how do *you* do?"

"Not much to boast of, Sir." From the curtesying woman of the house. "This is my good man, Sir."

"You are not registered as a common Lodging House?"

"No, Sir."

Sharpeye (in the Move-on tone) puts in the pertinent inquiry, "Then why ain't you?"

"Ain't got no one here, Mr. Sharpeye," rejoins the woman and my good man together, "but our own family."

"How many are you in family?"

The woman takes time to count, under pretense of coughing, and adds, as one scant of breath, "Seven, Sir."

But she has missed one; so Sharpeye, who knows all about it, says,

"Here's a young man here makes eight, who ain't of your family?"

"No, Mr. Sharpeye, he's a weekly lodger."

"What does he do for a living?"

The young man here takes the reply upon himself, and shortly answers, "Ain't got nothing to do."

The young man here is modestly brooding behind a damp apron pendant from a clothes-line. As I glance at him I become—but I don't know why—vaguely reminded of Woolwich, Chatham, Portsmouth, and Dover. When we get out, my respected fellow-constable Sharpeye, addressing Mr. Superintendent, says:

"You noticed that young man, Sir, in at Darby's?"

"Yes. What is he?"

"Deserter, Sir."

Mr. Sharpeye further intimates that when we have done with his services he will step back and take that young man. Which in course of time he does: feeling at perfect ease about finding him, and knowing for a moral certainty that nobody in that region will be gone to bed.

Later still in the night we came to another parlor up a step or two from the street, which was very cleanly, neatly, even tastefully kept, and in which, set forth on a draped chest of drawers masking the staircase, was such a profusion of ornamental crockery that it would have furnished forth a handsome sale-booth at a fair. It backed up a stout old lady—HOGARTH drew her exact likeness more than once—and a boy who was carefully writing a copy in a copy-book.

"Well, ma'am, how do *you* do?"

Sweetly, she can assure the dear gentlemen, sweetly. Charmingly, charmingly. And overjoyed to see us.

"Why, this is a strange time for this boy to be writing his copy. In the middle of the night!"

"So it is, dear gentlemen, Heaven bless your welcome faces and send ye prosperous; but he has been to the Play with a young friend for his diversion, and he combinates his improvement with entertainment by doing his school-writhing afterward, God be good to ye!"

The copy admonished human nature to subjugate the fire of every fierce desire. One might have thought it recommended stirring the fire, the old lady so approved it. There she sat, rosily beaming at the copy-book and the boy, and invoking showers of blessings on our heads, when we left her in the middle of the night, waiting for Jack.

Later still in the night we came to a nauseous room with an earth floor, into which the refuse scum of an alley trickled. The stench of this habitation was abominable; the seeming poverty of it, diseased and dire. Yet, here again, was visitor or lodger—a man sitting before the fire, like the rest of them elsewhere, and apparently not distasteful to the mistress's niece, who was also before the fire. The mistress herself had the misfortune of being in jail.

Three weird old women of transcendant ghastliness were at needle-work at a table in this room. Says Trampfoot to First Witch, "What are you making?" Says she, "Money-bags."

"*What* are you making?" retorts Trampfoot, a little off his balance.

"Bags to hold your money," says the witch, shaking her head and setting her teeth; "you as has got it."

She holds up a common cash-bag, and on the table is a heap of such bags. Witch Two laughs at us. Witch Three scowls at us. Witch sisterhood all, stitch, stitch. First Witch has a red circle round each eye. I fancy it like the beginning of the development of a perverted diabolical halo, and that when it spreads all round her head she will die in the odor of devilry.

Trampfoot wishes to be informed what First Witch has got behind the table, down by the side of her, there? Witches Two and Three croak angrily, "Show him the child!"

She drags out a skinny little arm from a brown dust-heap on the ground. Adjured not to disturb the child, she lets it drop again. Thus we find at last that there is one child in the world of Entries who goes to bed—if this be bed.

Mr. Superintendent asks how long are they going to work at those bags?

How long? First Witch repeats. Going to have supper presently. See the cups and saucers, and the plates.

Mr. Superintendent opines it is rather late for supper, surely?

"Late? Ay! But we has to 'arn our supper afore we eats it!" Both the other witches repeat this after First Witch, and take the Uncommercial measurement with their eyes, as for a charmed winding-sheet. Some grim discourse ensues, referring to the mistress of the cave, who will be released from jail to-morrow. Witches pronounce Trampfoot "right there," when he deems it a trying distance for the old lady to walk; she shall be fetched by niece in a spring-cart.

As I took a parting look at First Witch in turning away, the red marks round her eyes seemed to have already grown larger, and she hungrily and thirstily looked out beyond me into the dark doorway to see if Jack were there. For Jack came even here, and the mistress had got into jail through deluding Jack.

When I at last ended this night of travel and got to bed, I failed to keep my mind on comfortable thoughts of Seaman's Homes (not overdone with strictness), and improved dock regulations, giving Jack greater benefit of fire and candle aboard ship, through my mind's wandering among the vermin I had seen. Afterward the same vermin ran all over my sleep. Evermore, when on a breezy day I see Poor Mercantile Jack running into port with a fair wind under all sail, I shall think of the unsleeping host of devourers who never go to bed, and are always in their set traps waiting for him.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

THE first time I saw half-witted Billy, said the schoolmaster, he was in the midst of a crew of children, who were, with thoughtless and horrible brutality, tormenting the poor little imp to laugh at him when he screamed and jumped up and down, and slapped his own face, and pulled his hair out. I had been in my place at the school only a few days, but I recognized some of my own scholars among these young heathens. I scattered them pretty promptly, and made such a preachment about it from my desk that the practice was at once discontinued. But Billy was thenceforth my fast friend.

Billy is the most acutely nervous little flibbertigibbet—flutterbug Mrs. May calls him—that I ever saw, and absolutely restless. He hardly sleeps three hours a day, and then as lightly as a watch-dog. But he is always dancing gayly about, and ready for a laugh, unless he is vexed. Mrs. May has a longing sort of hope that his poor lost wits may somehow come back to him out of the moon, or wherever they are bottled up. I had not the heart to undeceive her; so I have permitted him to sit in the schoolroom, and even to ramble about therein, provided only he is decorous and quiet; which he does, ever and anon scrawling on a slate, or peering quaintly into a book as wisely as a bird; and once in each few minutes he comes up to my desk after a smile or a pat on the head, which having been received, off he trots again, giggling, and whispering to himself, "Good Billy, good Billy!" I have watched him a good deal, and an odd subject he is.

I shortly discovered that one of his strongest traits was an instinctive love of ascending. Every bean-pole, fence, tree, ladder, rope, or other accessible upward road whatever, he would immediately try; and his poor mother used to be in constant fear and tribulation about him; sometimes finding him up at the eaves of a house on the lightning rod, laughing and chattering; or squirming about in a high tree, or astraddle on a ridge-pole. Since his entry into school she had much less trouble with him, especially since he used to follow me about also at all other times like a dog; holding by my finger, gabbling to himself, looking up to giggle in my face, and to get a pat and smile of approval.

Meeting Mr. Allyn one afternoon last winter, near the new Baptist church at the lower end of the city, I stood and talked over various interesting school matters for a long time, and at last, turning absorbedly about with him, took his arm and walked toward his house, still conversing earnestly. I left him at his gate, and crossed the street to Mrs. May's, where I had been lodging for a few weeks only. Entering the little parlor, I found my pale and feeble little hostess sitting near the window. At my entrance she looked up and asked,

"Where's Billy, Mr. Delano?"

"I don't know," I answered; "isn't he here?"

And as I spoke the truth flashed upon me, that he had gone down the street with me, and had had his usual hold of my finger when I stopped to talk with Mr. Allyn. And I also reflected that he might very probably have slipped away into the new church, and have taken it into his flighty head to go scrambling up inside the unfinished spire. Although quick and active, he was feeble and easily fatigued; and I could not help feeling that if he should succeed in reaching the narrow platform at the top, there was imminent danger lest his weak little brain should be dizzied with the exertion and the height, and his poor half-life be brought to a terrible end by the tremendous fall. As the thought that if this should happen it would be by my own carelessness came into my mind, I think I turned pale. For the weak-minded and timid widow, watching my features intently and seeing me change countenance after I answered her, imbibed I know not what of vague feminine fright; and springing up in anguish, she cried,

"Oh, Mr. Delano, where is Billy? Is he dead?"

And she wept bitterly; so that I was fain to comfort her by seeming to remember where I had left her half-witted boy, and to promise to bring him home in a few minutes; with which assurances I immediately left the house, and hastened toward the church.

Work on the building was suspended for the winter; so that there was nobody there to interfere with the execution of Master Billy's scheme, if such he had. My doubts were speedily solved. As I drew near the building I saw half a dozen rowdy boys standing on the further side of the street and laughing and swearing together, as they gazed intently at the summit of the spire. Now I could discern a small figure up there; now I could distinguish the apish gesticulations and quick fantastic movements of Billy May. He could not have been there more than a very few moments, for already men and women began to gather in the street and look up, some with laughter and some with sympathy and fear.

There was nothing for it but to hasten up after him; and no one could do it so safely as I, his favorite; for his spiteful, heedless passion would surely send him screaming over the flimsy scaffold at the approach of any distasteful person. Throwing off hat and coat, I hurried to the door. It was filled in with a temporary barrier of heavy two-inch plank. The simpleton must have scrambled up an inclined joist which led to a narrow window in the side of the lower story of the tower. There was no time to lose. I picked up a heavy block of stone and drove in the door. As I did so, I heard Mrs. May's shrill voice outside. She had followed me to the church.

"Oh-ho-ho," she sobbed, "Billy, Billy! Come down, come down!"

A sharp high screech from the top of the spire answered her, and indicated the rising of Billy's fitful anger. I heard it as I entered the dark and chilly interior of the great stone spire; and at the same time I heard a murmur of voices outside. This, as I afterward learned, was the smothered cry of the gathering crowd, at the insane dancing of the idiot upon his airy perch; for his mother's senseless cry had in fact the effect of enraging him; and he began at the moment to jump about and gesticulate at a most furious and imminently perilous rate.

The interior of the tower and spire was empty, except for the various appliances which had been used for the purposes of its erection. Glancing upward, therefore, I saw only the rough and irregular interior of a great perpendicular stone tube, in the middle of which shot up a vast centre-post of heavy timber, branched with cross-pieces running to holes in the wall for the support of planks, platforms, and pulleys; lost above my head in the dimness of the narrow and almost unlighted tower, and the congeries of workman's materials. A heavy tackle yet hung idly down at one side; snow and ice lay here and there mixed with spattered mortar, sand, and stone-chips; and a rough and icy ladder of slats nailed insecurely across two clumsy pieces of joist, led, perpendicularly up thirty feet, to a rude landing-place.

Up I went, however, with perilous and painful climbing. A rotten slat broke in my hand; and if I had not fallen sideling against the rugged stone wall I should have broken my neck. As it was I barely saved myself. At the landing-place of which I spoke I paused a moment. To my surprise there was no further ladder. The workmen had probably withdrawn it to prevent climbing up. Without waiting to speculate upon the means which Billy might have used to ascend, I seized the heavy ropes of the tackle, which was hooked on some distance above me, and, recalling some of my boyish sleight, "shinned" up, hand over hand, to the edgewise plank at which it was secured. By a desperate effort I lifted myself to the upper edge, and out of breath, with burning hands and beating heart, sat down for a moment's rest.

Bang—bang—*bang*—BANG!

What a dreadful pain shot through me as I heard something thus fall against stone and timber, tumbling from the vast dark height above me with those quick irregular heavy dead knocks! Had he fallen? Down it came, however, a block of freestone four times as large as my head, dislodged by Billy, by mere accident, only grazing my foot, crashing onward, and reaching the ground with a great thud!

From this point the only means of ascent, for the remainder of the passage in the interior, was a succession of pieces of joist, set insecurely at various angles, and having slips of board nailed across them by the middle with the common cut nails; and even of these unsafe steps a number were already broken down, and either quite gone or sticking slantingly across by a single nail. The space in the interior was also now very contracted; and several times in the darkness I received a bad knock from some cross-piece which I could not well see, or from a projecting stone in the wall. Slowly, however, and with difficulty, I ascended to a point which must have been nearly two hundred feet above the earth, and emerged upon a half-floor, even with the top of the gigantic centre post, into an empty space about four feet high, with no interior means of further ascent, and lighted by a large hole through the side of the spire. Looking up, I saw the sky through the unfinished summit, and caught a glimpse of the jumping simpleton. But I could not hear his voice; for when I listened for it I became for the first time aware that the wind had risen to a gale. It hummed and whistled and roared through the tower, and the rope-fastened outside scaffolding at the top, with that tremendous power for which it finds scope in the unimpeded spaces of the upper air, often being a tempest above when there is only a moderate gale below.

Fortunately Billy did not see me; and climbing outside I betook myself to the only possible road for the remaining thirty feet—namely, the frail and rocking scaffold constructed around the exterior of the spire. As I came out into the open air the wind caught me so strongly as almost to take away my breath; and clinging tightly to the ropes which bound together the loose materials of the scaffold I looked about me. With a hasty glance I saw that the air was all gloomy with approaching evening, and with the awful coming of a vanguard of storms from the northwest; looked off horizontally, over tree-tops and houses, with a thrill such as I conceived that one might have at being let loose from a balloon in vacancy; looked downward, and saw the wide street, now black and swarming with an immense crowd of spectators—from whom, however, I could not hear a sound. The dizziness of the place began to affect my brain; so, resolutely disregarding all the facts of the situation except that I must go onward, I laid hold again of the slats and timbers. There was not room inside of these for climbing. The fool-hardy workmen had evidently made use of a series of slats nailed upon the sheer *exterior* of the scaffold! No help, however, so I clambered out; and with that instinctive desperate grip which such situations seem to necessitate, and refusing to see any thing except the narrow octagonal shaft of stone that rose close beside me, and the successive steps of my fragile and slippery ladder, step by step I worked on.

I think that is the only time when I ever felt what the wind can do. I have read and heard fearful stories of its power at sea; but I have no experience of it there. Here, however, I had; and indeed it seemed as if all the blasts in the heavens were leaping savagely at me to sweep me from my shaking hold. The scaffold itself was only a loose sort of frame, set upon the spire as if it had been built apart from it, and slipped down on it like a case, to hold by its own weight, but with no solid fastenings to the stone. For this reason it worked and writhed about under the terrific gusts as if it would twist itself loose.

My head was at last nearly even with the top of the unfinished spire, and I made sure of success. But a sudden and overpoweringly sharp, long, and unearthly shriek from the insane child startled me so much that it is a wonder that I did not fall. And in spite of the immense height, of the intense preoccupation of my own mind, of the immeasurable force of that terrible wind, there surged up at the same moment from the thousands in the street below a great deep shout, or groan—I know not which it was—an intense and wild and fearful cry, that thrilled through my very heart; and I knew that the boy had fallen, and that the crowd had sent up that wail of horror at beholding his death.

Trembling from head to foot, with mouth parched and dry, hands and head torn and bleeding, and heart beating frightfully, I raised myself upon the summit of the unfinished spire. The boy was gone! Horrible as the sight must be, something impelled me to look over the tremendous verge furthest from me.

As sure as I am alive he had fallen, or been blown off, and, by a chance which might almost be called a miracle, his garments had caught on the top of a scaffold pole; and there he hung dangling in the air, two hundred and thirty feet above the ground!

He was alive, however. Looking up, he spied me.

"Hold still, Billy!" I cried, preparing to descend a foot or two and catch him.

"Bad Billy! bad Billy!" he screamed; and, dangling as he was, knocked his fists against his poor, silly little head—according to his usual method of expressing penitence—after a fashion which even the inexpressible horror of the situation perhaps rendered the more ludicrous. At any rate, I could not help almost laughing.

Mustering what little strength I had remaining, and descending cautiously to a foot-hold below the little swinging scarecrow, I steadied myself among the poles and cross-pieces of the scaffold, and securing a strong hold of Billy's waistband, I tore him violently from his perch and lifted him to my breast, whereupon he clung tightly to me, clasping both arms around my neck, and sobbing and sniveling as if his heart would break.

But the fearful, wistful cry which the multitude below had groaned forth at the sight of the boy's fall was a mere whisper, a breath, to the vast resounding shout that went up from them as I did so. Even where I was it swelled, and rolled, and re-echoed up, reverberating in my ears with an undulating thunder, like the endless exultations of some vast triumphant army.

They told me afterward that the suspense had been horrible down there in the street; that women had fainted and strong men turned pale, in the painful expectancy; and that, as the poor fellow was seen to be safe, loud weeping or loud laughter relieved the hearts of many, and that in their sympathy and joy that great shout arose—such an one as had never been heard there before.

Climbing back again, I sat down, totally and miserably exhausted, with the chilled and shivering child cowering close to me. Some dim instinctive apprehensions of his danger had, doubtless, come upon him; and nestling quietly up to me, he repeated, softly, many times,

"Bad Billy! Bad Billy!"

Strong men came up, and, with much peril and difficulty, helped us down. I could not stand when I reached the earth; and through the crowd of citizens seeking to praise and thank me I was helped home, and lay ill for some days. Mrs. May had fainted, and, happily, did not see the peril of her only child. But her delight in finding him yet alive was most wild and extravagant. And that, I suppose, must be the reason why Billy likes me.

COMMERCIAL GRIEF.

A LETTER, deeply bordered with black, attracted my attention among the heap that lay upon my table. It was evidently a messenger of affliction. I tore the white weeping-willow upon a black background, that formed the device upon the seal, and read the contents. Nothing more than an intimation from a relative of the sudden death of her brother-in-law, and a request that, under the circumstances of the sudden bereavement of the widow, I would undertake certain sad commissions relative to the mourning and monument which she intrusted to my care.

After breakfast I set out upon my sad errand, and had no difficulty in finding the *maison de deuil* in question. It met me in the sad habiliments of mourning. No vulgar colors glared from the shop-windows, no gilt annoyed with its festive glare. The name of the firm scarcely presumed to make itself seen in letters of the saddest gray on a black ground. Here and there beads of white set off the general gloom of the house-front, like the crape pipings of a widow's cap. The very metal window frames and plates had gone into a decorous mourning—zinc taking the place of—what we feel, under the circumstances, would be quite indecent—brass.

On my pushing the plate-glass door it gave way with a hushed and muffled sound, and I was met by a gentleman of sad expression, who, in the most sympathetic voice, inquired the nature of my want: and, on my reply, directed me to the INCONSOLABLE GRIEF DEPARTMENT. The inside of the establishment I found to answer exactly to the appearance without. The long passage I traversed was paneled in white with black borderings, like so many mourning cards placed on end; and I was becoming impressed with the deep solemnity of the place, when I caught sight of a neat little figure rolling up some ribbon, and on inquiring if I had arrived at the Inconsolable Grief Department, she replied in a gentle voice, slightly shaded with gayety, that that was the half-mourning counter, and that I must proceed until I had passed the repository for widows' silk. Following her directions, I at last reached my destination, a large room draped with black, with a hushed atmosphere about it, as though a body was invisibly lying there in state.

An attendant in sable habiliments, picked out with the inevitable white tie, and with an undertakerish eye and manner, awaited my commands. I accordingly produced my list. Scanning it critically, he said:

"Permit me to inquire, Sir, if *it* is a deceased partner?"

I nodded assent.

"We take the liberty of asking this distressing question," he replied, "as we are extremely anxious to keep up the character of this establishment by matching at once the exact shade of affliction. Our paramattas and crapes in this department give satisfaction to the deepest woe. Permit me to show you a new texture, which we term the *Inconsolable*.' With that he placed a pasteboard box before me, full of mourning fabrics.

"Is this it?" I inquired, lifting a lugubrious piece of drapery.

"Oh no!" he replied: "the one you have in your hand was manufactured for last year's afflictions, and was termed 'the stunning blow shade;' it makes up well, however, with our *sudden bereavement* silk—a leading article—and our *distraction* trimmings."

"I am afraid," said I, "my commission says nothing about these novelties."

"Ladies in the country," he blandly replied, "are possibly not aware of the perfection to which the art of mourning genteelly is now brought. But I will see that your commission is attended to, to the letter." Giving another glance over my list, "Oh! a widow's cap is mentioned, I see. I must trouble you, Sir, to proceed to the Weeds Department for that article—the first turning to the left."

Proceeding as I was directed, I came to a recess fitted up with a solid phalanx of widows' caps. I perceived, at a glance, that they exhausted the whole gamut of grief, from its deepest shade to that tone which is expressive of a pleasing melancholy. The foremost row confronted me with all the severity of crapen folds, in the midst of which my mind's eye could see the set features of many a Mrs. Clennam, while those behind gradually faded off into the most jaunty tarlatan; and one or two of the outsiders even breaking out into worldly feathers and the most flaunty weepers.

Forgetting the proprieties for the moment, I inquired of the grave attendant if one of the latter would be suitable?

"Oh no, Sir," she replied, with a slight shade of severity in her voice; "you may gradually work up to it in a year or two; but any of these," pointing to the front row of weeds, "are indispensable for the first burst of grief."

Acquiescing in the propriety of this sliding-scale of sorrow, I selected some weeds expressive of the deepest dejection I could find; and having completed my commission, I inquired where I could procure for myself some lavender gloves?

"Oh, Sir, for those things," she said, in the voice of Tragedy speaking of Comedy, "you must turn to your right, and you will come to the Complimentary Mourning counter."

Turning to the right, accordingly, I was surprised and a little shocked to find myself once more among worldly colors; tender lavender I had expected, but violet, mauve, and even absolute red, stared me in the face. I was about retiring, thinking I had made a mistake, when a young lady, with a charming tinge of cheerfulness in her voice, inquired if I wanted any thing in her department?

"I was looking for the Complimentary Mourning counter," I replied, "for some gloves, but I fear I am wrong."

"You are quite right, Sir," she said; "this is it."

She saw my eye glance at the cheerful silks, and, with the instinctive tact of woman, guessed my thoughts in a moment.

"*Mauve*, Sir, is very appropriate for the lighter sorrows."

"But absolute red," I retorted, pointing to some velvet of that color—

"Is quite admissible when you mourn the departure of a distant relative; but may I show you some gloves?" and suiting the action to the word, she lifted the cover from the glove-box, and displayed a perfect picture of delicate half-tones, indicative of a struggle between the cheerful and the sad.

"There is a pleasing melancholy in the shade of gray," she said, indenting slightly each outer knuckle with the elastic kid as she measured my hand.

"Can you find a lavender?"

"Oh yes; the sorrow-tint is very slight in that, and it wears admirably."

Thus, by degrees growing beautifully less, the grief of the establishment died out in the tenderest lavender, and I left profoundly impressed with the charming improvements which Parisian taste has made on the old aboriginal style of mourning.

CINGALESE BOATS.

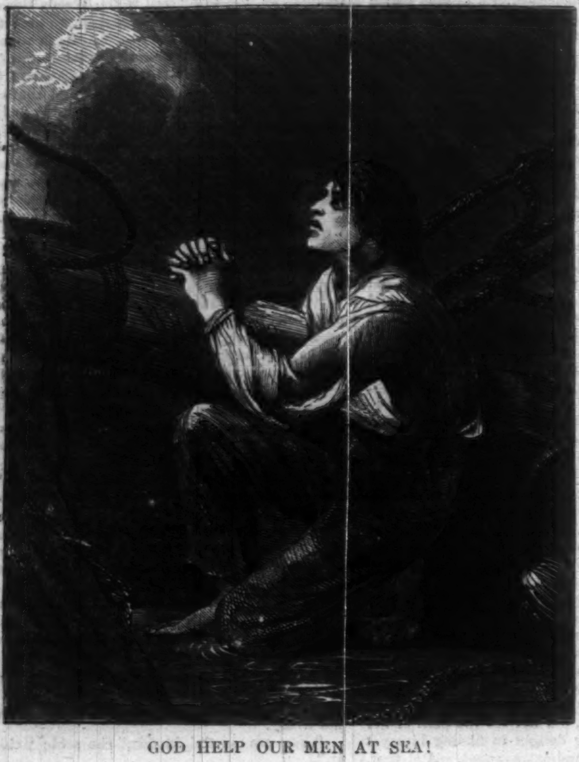
WE give on page 188 a picture of a Cingalese boat, which will be a novelty to most of our readers. When a stranger first sees one of these boats in the water, he can not understand how it lives. As soon, however, as it comes more within view the means are apparent by which the light boat is made to sustain such heavy rigging. A canoe-shaped float of solid wood is projected and sustained from the boat's side by outriggers, which are secured by lashings to the mast and gunwales, as seen in the illustration. Whichever way the wind sets the float has the effect of counterbalancing the side pressure on the sail. If, for instance, the wind is on the starboard quarter (supposing the float to be on the opposite side), the effect is a pressure on the float, which is immediately resisted by its buoyancy; but if the wind is from the larboard side the float acts with the same effect, but this time by its weight. The relative power of the sail filled, and the capacity of the float to resist the capsizing tendency, is nicely calculated, for in a fresh breeze the float is not uncommonly seen suspended in the air. It will be observed by the reader that, although the natural side motion of the boat is thus influenced by the peculiar appendage described, the power for propulsion is scarcely interfered with. It is this fact which enables the Ceylon boat to attain unusual speed, and to face a breeze which an ordinary sailing-boat dare not encounter. The outrigger is fitted with temporary fastenings only, so as to admit of its being shifted from side to side to suit different conditions of wind and tide.

GOD HELP OUR MEN AT SEA!

God help our men at sea!
In firelit, pictured rooms, 'mid wine and flowers,
And gleesome company,
The wild winds awe us, in our blithest hours,
To sigh this prayer;
And, lonely, with clenched hands, at night 'tis ours,
"Lord of the waves, O spare!"

God help our men at sea!
I had a brother once. Our love ne'er fail'd
In its intensity.
Smiling on our sweet mother, as he sail'd,
I saw him last.
Ah me! how that sweet mother droop'd and paled
Ere one brief year had pass'd!

God help our men at sea!
They saw him, who outlived that dreadful night,
In his extremity—



GOD HELP OUR MEN AT SEA!

Kneeling, and looking, in the stormfire's light,
To Heaven for grace.
And angels' glory was upon him, bright
As upon Stephen's face.

God help our men at sea!
Those pilgrim fathers, who leave all to teach
Their Saviour's charity.
May their prayers, like St. Paul's, in tempest reach
His ears, who said,
With an exceeding tenderness of speech—
"'Tis I. Be not afraid!"

God help our men at sea!
The workers, who at home can find no spheres
For work; whom poverty
Drives from their birthland, strong, despite those tears,
To toil, and win;
And then, please God, return for peaceful years
To their own land and kin.

God help our men at sea!
If lust of power or of revenge assail
England's tranquillity,
Using His gracious gifts, we shall prevail,
As oft before.
And Israel see the proud Egyptians pale
And "dead on the sea-shore."

REV. HENRY G. GUINNESS.

The accompanying portrait will be recognized by all who have heard the eloquent young preacher, Mr. Guinness, who is now in this country.

Henry Grattan Guinness was born near Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1830. His father was brother to Mr. Guinness, the brewer of Dublin "Stout" celebrity, and was an officer in the army; and his mother the widow of Captain d'Esterre, who fell in a duel with the late Daniel O'Connell, some 35 years ago. He was brought up and well instructed, by his pious parents, in the knowledge of Divine truth. About seven years ago he determined to go to sea. He left England, and wandered over the shores of Mexico, the West Indies, Texas, through the Caribbean Sea, etc. During the voyage the ship was nearly lost on two occasions, and it was chiefly owing (the captain states) to the steadiness and presence of mind displayed by young Guinness that the ship was preserved.

On reaching home his friends urged him to turn his thoughts to agriculture. To this he was disinclined, but yielded to their wishes, and went to reside on the estate of a relative in the west of Ireland. His taste remained unchanged. He preferred the stir of seamanship to the quietness of farming. Accordingly, in the year 1854, he again set out on a voyage to the East Indies. Soon after the ship sailed they were obliged to put back, in a half-wrecked condition, and he being attacked by a most serious and alarming illness, was quite unable to proceed further, and returned to his home in Cheltenham, apparently a dying man.

It was about this time that he experienced a change of heart, and having obtained peace in believing, he at once, with the help of God, determined to spend and be spent in his Master's service. For this purpose he entered New College, London, under his friend and tutor, the late Dr. Harris. This was about January, 1856.

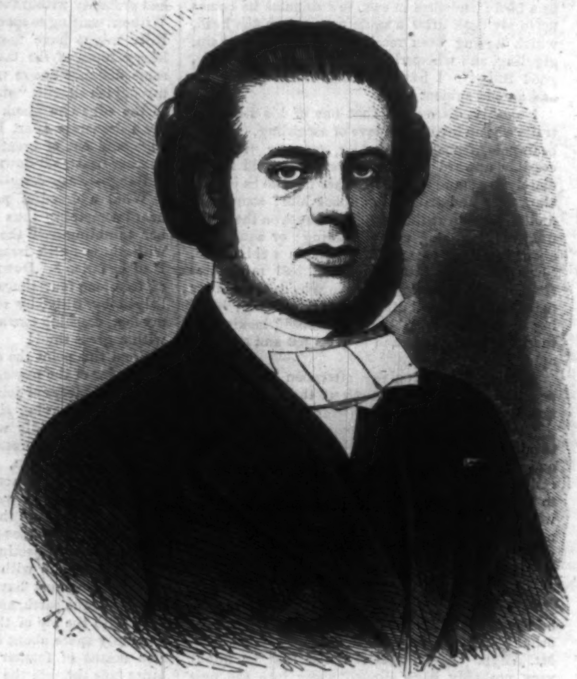
Pending his acceptance at New College, Mr. Guinness occupied himself among the poor of Cheltenham. He also addressed gatherings in the work-house and other places. On one of these occasions some unforeseen circumstance had prevented the inmates from assembling as he had arranged, and as he was retracing his way back, sad with disappointment, the thought struck him, "Do not many of the people I am passing in the streets need to be told of sin, and Christ, and mercy?" Filled with this thought, he took up his position in a retired part of the town, pulled out his Bible, and began to read aloud. A number of persons were soon drawn around him, and he preached an admirable discourse from Ps. xxx. 5: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." This was his first sermon in the open air. The thing was soon "noised abroad." He persevered in this and other forms of Christian endeavor for the good of souls during several months, at the same time preparing for the college entrance examination.

Previous to leaving college, which was in June, 1857, he had, together with other preaching occupations, been for three months supplying the pulpit of the Tabernacle, Moorfields, London. His engagement at this place contributed much to determine his career.

In the month of July he was ordained as an Evangelist. The service was held in the Tabernacle, ministers of several churches taking part in it. Neither they nor Mr. Guinness himself considered that the ceremony gave him any additional grace or authority. It was only a recognition of him by the brethren as in their judgment called of God to the work, and a devout commendation of him to the favor of the Divine Lord, in whose employ he was engaged. The proceedings are said to have been deeply solemn and interesting.

And now this young preacher entered upon a range without limit or trammel, save what his own infirmity and God's providence might impose. Though a stripling, he fearlessly struck out, determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. He traveled through England; went over the length and breadth of the principality; visited Scotland; and spent a short time in France; testifying any where and every where the good, old apostolic doctrine of "Repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." The stir produced, as he proceeded from place to place, was remarkable.

He arrived in this country a few weeks since, and has been preaching daily to crowds of people. Every right-minded person will wish him God-speed in his noble work.



REV. HENRY GRATTAN GUINNESS.—[From a Photograph.]

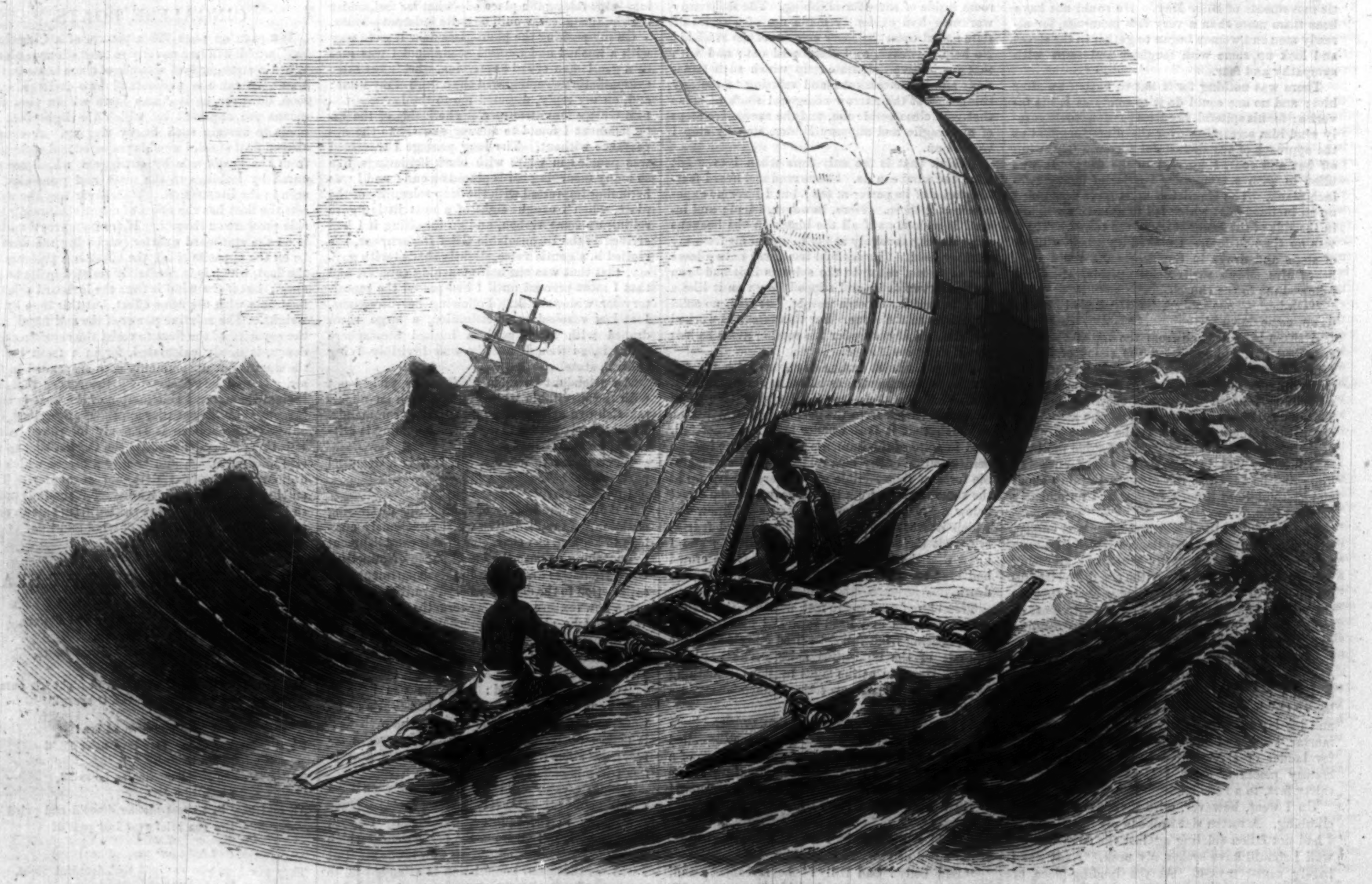
The New Partner
IN
"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."
BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,
AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.
WHICH GIVES THE HISTORY OF A LAST CHANCE.

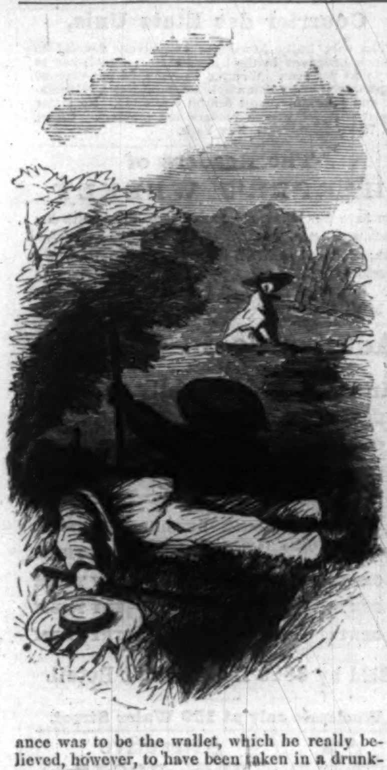
The day succeeding Nora Manton's battle and triumph over the Doubt Fiend went by, like all other days, with just so many ticks of the banking-room clock as well as clocks in general.

As we have said, there is a patent-safe side, and there is also a human-heart side to every business man, to every firm, to Clingham & Co., and to the house which their Cheswick Branch occupied. Fit representative of the patent-safe side, Luke Green sat all day and held his secret hate, revengeful prayers, and plannings.

He had set inquiries on foot for Ernest Beckford's whereabouts; he was quietly, cautiously hunting him down by emissaries who were trusty and silent; and he lived on the hope of coming up with him as his most concentrated nutriment and stimulus. In his soul he hated him for Nora's sake; but his ostensible reason for venge-



A CINGALESE BOAT IN A HIGH SEA.—[See preceding Page.]



ance was to be the wallet, which he really believed, however, to have been taken in a drunken freak.

On the human-heart side of the house, the secret of Ernest Beckford, the love of him, the unshaken, unshakable faith in him, was well kept also. Bitterly were some of the moments of the day marked with tears — so strange it seemed to Nora, as she glided from room to room on her household avocations, going softly, as one who knows not what God would say or do next, and anxious to catch His least whisper —so strange it seemed that, if Ernest really loved her as she believed, he should depart thus from Cheswick — not only without expressing himself, but in a way which, with most sensitive girls, would have materially injured his cause—by stealth, and as Luke Green would say —though Nora would not, could not even think —like a defaulter, a thief. What was the meaning of this singular absence? What the meaning of any absence at all? His post in the Bank was vacant: his duties neglected while a substitute was sought, and all this without explanation, without warning, without excuse.

It was well for her, perhaps, that during this day her mind was diverted in another direction, and another set of emotions brought into play than grief and pining, anxious wonder. The event which did her that service was this: John Manton having the dyspepsia, found his life consist of two main tendencies—sin and contrition —which made it resemble one of those pleasant serpentine streams that one sees in a flat country, where there are no mountains to straighten the water-courses; and which having run ten miles to the east, immediately compensates by bending on itself and running as many back to the west again. The Missouri, on the Kansas border, is such an instance; and John Manton's life was another. On Sunday the air was bracing, the sky was cloudless, the walking dry, the parson eloquent; he had a good appetite, and ate a hearty dinner, with Gloria-tibi's resounding through all the portions of his system—after which he discoursed cheerfully upon all subjects connected with the present and future condition of the race. On Monday there was a muggy atmosphere—a sky full of great, awkward, dingy clouds, looking like a young cook's mistake in dumplings; under foot was a coarse, chocolate paste, that swallowed up the shoes of the wayfarer, and John Manton felt the after-effects of yesterday's hearty dinner; whereupon he lost all confidence in human perfectibility, and regarded himself as the chief of sinners, because he had yesterday expressed a mere whimsical vagary to the effect that we were not all going as fast as possible to the Disagreeable One. So that, as I said, his life was a pretty methodical alternation of sin and contrition—fantasy and despair—impudent happiness and ridiculous abasement. On this present day he had an attack of repentance. It seized him when he first awoke in the morning, and grew worse and worse all day, until three o'clock precisely of the afternoon; at which period, in spite of the entreaties and almost indignant arguments of Nora's really indignant heart—in spite of her representing to him that he would make his manhood disrespected, and open the gate for her womanhood to be trampled upon by the same brute feet that would spurn him—in spite of his own memory, faint and diluted by dyspeptic tears of remorse as it was, that yesterday he had felt nobler and worthier in showing Mr. Green the door than in any act of his last dozen years—he persisted in going to the superintendent, confessing that he had been hasty, and virtually asking to be restored, with full forgiveness, to the superintendential bosom.

As the door closed behind him on his way to Luke Green's desk the wounded heart of the young girl gave itself utterance in a sigh that told of tears too far down to come. Alone, entirely alone was she, with that loneliness which those feel who not only have no helper, but have also to help the faint-hearted. She had borne her father all that day, like a drifting mass of logged sea-weed, on the wave of her mighty womanly patience and faith; now he had slid from her, and was washed out of her reach, to be whirled on in the veering, eddying current of his own morbid self-will.

Presently, as she sat silently thinking and praying, and in her heart turned over the leaf of that day's discouragement to begin a fresh page of effort and patience, she heard the well-known footstep of her father returning, accompanied by his voice and that of Mr. Luke Green. Evidently the difficulty was all made up between them, for an unwonted liveliness pervaded John Manton's tone, and Mr. Green's was restored to all its habitual suavity and fluency. Could *he* be coming to call on her? She sprang from her seat, and flew rather than ran out of the room, and up the stairs to her own little bedchamber. There she put on her flat and walking-shoes as quickly as possible, and throwing aside the apron which she had worn while showing Priscilla, her one servant, how to set the sponge for John Manton's Graham bread, she was all ready for an escape into the fields, the woods, the lanes—any where out of the sight of her dishonored and self-respectless father and the mildly triumphant superintendent of Cheswick Branch. She heard the two enter below, she heard her own name called at the foot of the stairs; but having no morbid notions about duty, where duty meant swelling the ovation in which her father was led captive at the heel of a man who was odious to her, she did not answer a syllable. So that her father inferred she was gone out—as she was ten seconds thereafter.

There is such a divine, quiet endurance to be learned of the heaven that Nora found herself many degrees calmer beneath it than she had been in-doors.

A little picket gate let Nora out from the back of the Bank-house garden into the broad meadows through which the stream flowed. Once in the fields and she would be invisible from the Bank, or, at least, indistinguishable. To make the distance between her and it long enough, and as soon as possible, she began running, making for a stile which, just this side of the brook, crossed a stone wall perhaps twenty rods from the gate. Reaching the stile she mounted it briskly, but recoiled, as on the other side of the fence she saw stretched out upon the grass the figures of two very strangely-looking men. Although it was in the height of the summer season, one of them was enveloped from head to foot in a camlet cloak, whose upraised cape, aided by a very broad brimmed and intensely green-ribboned chip-hat, quite concealed his face. Propped on one elbow, he was gesticulating earnestly to his comrade, a person of herculean shoulders, and probably not varying very much from eighteen stone in weight, who, in more perfect abandon, had thrown himself at full length upon his immense square back, and with his great red seal-like pair of flippers extended at right angles from his body on the grass, and his boots in perfect serenity pointing toward the sky, looked not unlike some new model of steam-tug, very broad in the beam, and with an outrigger arrangement—a resemblance materially assisted by the long Regalia, which, being planted perfectly upright in his mouth, made a very respectable and energetic smoke-pipe. Altogether he looked as if he could steam up, and take any thing short of Noah's ark down the bay very easily. A chip hat like his companion's, and a blue linen Raglan, of a number of yards proportioned to the large surface to be covered and very flowing, blue cloth pantaloons, and heavy boots, were his attire. A clump of elders furnished the two an extempore booth, under which fragments of egg-shell, bread crusts, and a piece of paper doing service as salt-cellar, showed that they had been taking dinner *al fresco*. To complete the picture, by the side of each lay a suitable trusty cane—the stout man having a stout bludgeon, and his slight friend being equipped with a slenderer one. As Nora stood on the upper step of the stile, where she saw them first, she paused in indecision whether to advance or retreat, her heart beating faster with the start their queer appearance had given her. The smaller of the two picnickers noticed her hesitation, and whispered something into the ear of the prostrate one, upon which he elevated himself with elephantine agility, and together they both wandered off into the fields, away from the path which Nora seemed seeking by the stile. She passed over, and continued her way, walking as rapidly as possible, though afraid to attract the men's attention by running, should they be mischievous characters. Her suspicions were allayed, however, as she saw, casting furtive glances now and then over her shoulder, that they had almost disappeared in the direction of the village; and making up her mind that they were only a more fantastic kind than usual of summer idlers—gentlemen from the boards of southeastern wards of the metropolis, or such like, she pursued her walk quietly, being now quite out of view from the Bank. Five minutes more, and she had reached the eddy just below the row of willows on which Ernest's window looked, sweet—oh! more than all articulate speech sweet to her — because there the first bud of *his* love to her blossomed in her sight—there the secret freight of his heart's treasure was drawn ashore by her hand from the shoals, while he still thought that none beheld it save Him to whose care it was consigned. From this spot to a long distance above the house where Ernest had lodged the silver willows grew close and luxuriant, branching near the ground, as is their wont, and sending their long root fibres far back into the land as well as downward into the water-course, whose crumbling bank they were planted to protect. They thus made a compact hedge, behind which Nora had sometimes stolen, thinking that it was pleasant to protract her afternoon walk under their flickering green and pearly leaves, and *feeling*—for, oh thou world, it would have been so very immodest to *think!*—that perhaps here and there, as at the clump opposite Ernest's window, she might fittingly rest in some shadowy concealment, and now and then see, unseen, between the branches, that noble face which looked out on the West—that face so dearly intermixing with all her day life and dreams.

To-day, alas! no maidenly reserve was needed in approaching this spot. No deep and musing eye might have its glance attracted to her hiding-place by any motion of hers. There would be no fair, brave, unconscious face there to welcome her stolen gaze. *He* was gone—gone! Oh! who but God could tell whither?

As Nora thought of this, and the sense of her utter loneliness came upon her like a faintness at the heart, she made the place that had been once her dreaming nook by the hour her oratory now; and, kneeling down by the willows opposite to Ernest's window, cried out in the bitterness of her soul,

"O God! O God! why must he be gone, and under this dreadful shadow? Let me see him again, alive and noble as he is! Or— Oh! I can not ask thee to let me see him dead, even if, being alive, he must be sullied. But no, no, no! he is *not*, he *never* will be, aught but the glorious soul he ever was to me. Oh, my God, spare this suspense to me—spare it, and let me behold once more my heavenly one—my pure—my glorious—my beloved—"

A foot cracked under it a dead osier, somewhere down the willow range, evidently, from the sound, not many yards off. There was a noise of brushing through, as if some one who had crossed the stream were penetrating the barrier of branches from the water-side. Nora sprang to her feet, threw back her flat, and listened, with alarm on her face, and her head erect like a startled fawn. She waited for some time, and neither seeing any thing, nor hearing any repetition of the noise, concluded her fears fanciful, and ascribed them to a falling branch or something kindred.

She had just thrown herself down upon the grassy bank with the former abandonment, when the noise was heard again, and the true cause for her alarm presented itself. Stealing along the edge of the willows, with a meek downcastness, came Mr. Luke Green, his arms crossed before him, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and, to all appearance, buried in deep thought. Before Nora could recover from her surprise he had reached her, and seemed going past. Then he started, looked up, and, with the most admirable imitation of having come upon her casually, coughed, appeared embarrassed at his intrusion, and said, gently,

"Really—forgive me, Miss Manton! The loveliness of the day and of this place has so fascinated us both, that I may be pardoned if our walks intersect—to say nothing," added Mr. Luke Green, in a manner more quiet even than usual, "of another loveliness which might well have drawn any man of fine taste hither, had he been able, by any means, to know it was here."

And the superintendent cast at Nora such a glance as is interchanged between the boys' and girls' galleries, during a long sermon, in a village church attended by boarding-schools.

"As you *had* no means of knowing I was here, Mr. Green, fine taste must be an instinct with you. You quite flatter your taste, I think. Pray use all the stock of flattery you have upon *that*."

And Nora, conscious that her color was mounting with the sense of contempt and displeasure, essayed to pass Luke Green with these words, which were spoken in a tone of womanly firmness, but without a suspicion of pique.

"I have offended the sweet Miss Manton by the sincere offering of a feeling I hold in common with all who know her? How unfortunate I am! The friend of her father — her own childhood's friend—one who has the good of both deeply—yes, deepest of all—at his heart; and he is quite cast out of favor for an over-ardor, a slight tenderness in the expression of his affection! Will you not forgive me, as you used to if I teased you when a little child?"

And Luke Green unostentatiously, yet effectually, put himself in her way, so that she could not escape without more energy in her manner than the exigency of the case seemed yet to call for.

"Mr. Green," spoke Nora, her voice trembling just perceptibly with dislike and anxiety, "you will not have offended me — at any rate, I shall not remember it—if you will not talk to me in compliments any more. If you feel friendly to me, and you say you do, whenever we happen to meet I wish you would show it by making the language you address to me as plain as if you were talking to one of your customers at the Bank."

"Oh, my dear little friend, think how ungallant that would be! I sometimes tell them to clear out, sometimes refuse their requests flatly, and never, never speak to them as if I had known them for years, like a certain young lady."

"Yes, you have known me for years; that is very true. And I think I have a right to hope that every year you will respect me more. I am not a child, Mr. Green — not any longer, though when you came to Cheswick I was one. You seem to forget this. Please to remember it. I really must bid you good-afternoon, as I came to this place without bringing any companion by preference."

Again she tried to pass him, looking and bowing her desire to do so very clearly. But Luke Green put out his hand—not rudely, but persuasively, and in a most pleading manner.

"Please listen to me, Miss Manton. It will not harm you to give five minutes of your time to a man who has watched your growth up to womanhood with sleepless anxiety—with more than parental interest. You ask me to speak plainly. Hear me just the little time I ask, and I will speak so."

Nora folded her hands, put herself into a listening attitude, and bowed, granting his request.

Luke Green continued: "I am glad that I chanced upon you this afternoon, for the sake of this very plain speaking. There is something very sweet in the thought of being permitted to speak plainly to the young lady, as I did to my little playmate Nora in her childhood. As I said, I've watched your whole budding and blossoming; what my poor efforts could do they have done to aid in smoothing your pathway up to womanhood; and now I would—oh! I would to Heaven—that I could surround you with such a hedge of tender care that nothing hurtful or fearful should ever cross your path as long as you live. But as I look on your poor old father, oh, oh!"

Luke Green put his hand over his eyes to hide a very proper emotion to which his just dramatic taste assigned this as the best place; and then, feeling somewhat relieved, resumed:

"Grieve us as it does, he certainly can not last long, he must be taken to his rest."

A shadow of great distress passed over Nora's face as he said this, which Luke Green observed and fell in with adroitly.

"Yes, and then, then I beheld you in this cruel world fatherless, motherless, and my heart breaks to think what you will do. What *will* you do? who *will* take care of you?"

In spite of her indignation at what she instinctively felt must be a willful effort to make her unhappy, the lip of the young girl quivered, as yielding to the softer emotion, she replied, quietly,

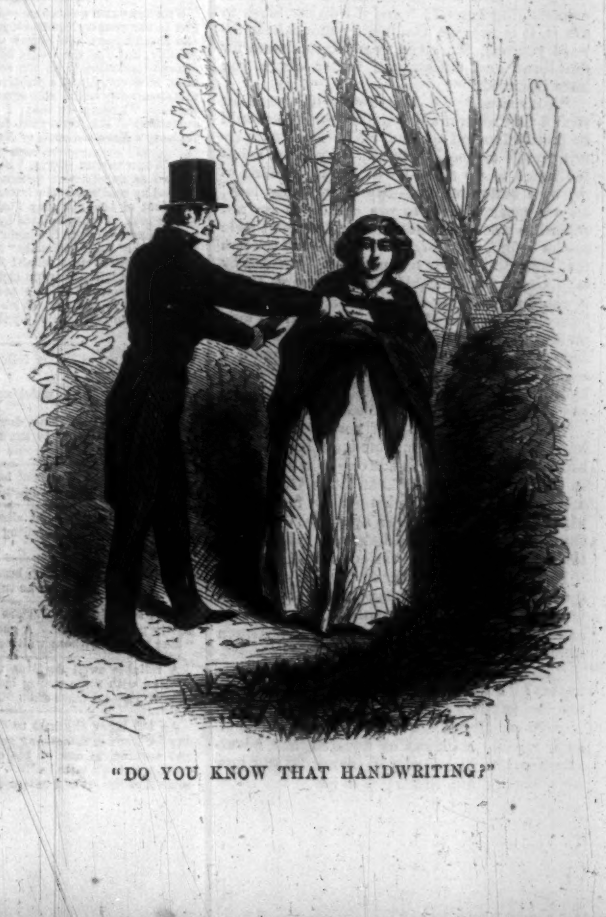
"God takes care of my father and myself both —he can also take care of me alone."

"Miss Manton!"—and as Luke Green said this he drew nearer her and made an effort to take her hand, which she avoided without appearing to notice it—"Miss Manton! is there no one on earth who can be Heaven's aid in guarding you? Can you not put your hand confidingly into that of one who loves you, and let him be your protector—even interposing his own heart between you and ill—for all your life?"

Nora felt her cheeks all mantling with the rich red blood that as yet was not schooled to keep her woman secrets, for she did think of such a one, though she answered nothing.

"I will speak more plainly. *I* am that man! I am he that could shield you with his person, his life, his honor, even were it called for! I have loved you from childhood — I love you now!"

"If you are a true friend to my father and to me—if he dies, which God forbid! none else



"DO YOU KNOW THAT HANDWRITING?"

shall ever take his place in my esteem but you, Mr. Green."

"Miss Manton, let me be nearer than father to you, nearer than mother, brother, any human friend! I will say directly what I mean—be my wife, and till you die you shall never know want unsatisfied! I am rich, I am daily growing richer; think what my place and my money will get for you; elegant house, carriage and horses, every luxury of city and country."

"Sir! dare you insult me because I am a girl and alone?"

"No, no! I do not mean that; I fear you misunderstand me."

"For your manhood's sake I *hope* I do, Mr. Green."

"Nora!—"

"Miss Manton, if you please, Sir; allow me to pass: it is best this conversation should cease."

"And will you not then be the wife of the man who holds you as dear as Heaven? Will you not—will you never love me!"

"Mr. Luke Green! after the insulting offer you have made to buy me, and which is but the last effort of a long series, as I believe, to make me the thing of purchase from a poor and sick-hearted old man whose only possession I am—after all this, Sir, do not defile that holy name of love in my ears by your speaking it! Ask me at some future day, when you are ashamed of what you have said, if that day comes, not to *loathe* you, and perhaps I may do *that.* I do not know what it is which you see in the daughter of a poor old man to make her an object of such money value, and other value you have to-day shown yourself incapable of understanding. But if my father should die, I had rather also die and go to God and him than be obliged to you for a moment's existence on the earth! *I* also speak plainly; you will hereafter understand and avoid me. I wish to pass now!"

And Nora looked the impersonation of moral strength, as, standing upright in her consciousness of purity and honor, she made a queenly gesture with her white, womanly arm, her blue eyes filled with tears of sorrowful indignation but clear enough to shame down the cold, mechanic glance of Luke Green. How much stronger than any brute force did even *he* feel her to be as her small figure, which he could have crushed ere she could have cried, confronted him, its whole outline and *allure* so full of conscious right and might! And for a moment he cringed. But as if made desperate by the sight of that growing beauty of the prize just as it was about to slip from his hands forever, he stepped into her way saying, huskily, "No, you shall not go—not yet—not yet—till I say one word more. I am anxious—naturally so, with the feeling I have cherished toward you—to avert a great calamity from you. Mr. Manton may do something worse than *die*. Something that might be a great deal harder than that, both for him and you, may happen." Luke Green said this with a terrible coolness which might have appalled many a man, and the young, tender woman upon whom he had fixed his icy eye as he uttered these bad things deliberately, and without a trace of human passion, grew deathly white, and her face was blank with a strange look of puzzle.

"What do you mean?" she said, faintly; "what do you mean?"

"Do you know that handwriting?" And he held up for her inspection a note of hand for three hundred dollars, signed by John Manton.

"Oh!" said Nora. She uttered this exclamation in a tone that expressed mingled relief and pain: relief, because if that was all, it was not as dreadful as the suspense produced by Luke Green's mysterious manner; pain, because the note was still another item of shameful obligation to the superintendent, and one she had not known till now.

"I *do* know the handwriting," said Nora, commanding herself; "and if I do not blush to see it, it is because the feeling that I bear toward yourself, Sir, gives no place to shame for the loved and unfortunate father whom you have insnared."

"I insnared? *I?* Now, really, if it were not such a very solemn and painful subject, I should be inclined to feel amused. No; I will not permit myself to speak playfully—my heart aches too much to do *that*—I will not be profane to my own better nature. My dear young lady, let me speak plainly to you again. I am not skilled in wooing women, and if I seemed rude to you before, pray forgive me. Let me tell you that your dear father has not been insnared by *me*. Could you hear this note tell its own story, it would say nothing of having been taken compulsorily from Mr. Manton. I pressed no loan on him to which it is a witness. Hark!"—and Luke Green listened. "I thought I heard a splash. Oh, it was nothing!" he said, as he looked through the willows upon the brook, and saw it lonely as before. He continued:

"I never even asked it of your father as acknowledgment of an indebtedness incurred by him before. No! It is but one of ten just like it. See, here they are!" and Luke Green took a bundle of papers from his pocket, folded and filed, and drew his finger over them rapidly. On each of them he had indorsed, "Mr. Manton's note for $300," of various dates!

Nora's heart choked her so that she could not speak. She passed her hand over her brow, as if to recall herself and brush away a web that seemed settling over her eyes. And Luke Green went on:

"Shall I tell you the painful history of those papers? I hardly know whether it is best or not, loving you as I do."

"*Go on, Mr. Green,*" said Nora, in a tone of such terrible calmness as equaled her adversary's in his most governed moments, and now even startled him hearing it in her.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY should any one afflicted with defective legs turn clergyman?—Because he would cease to be a layman (*lame 'un*).

A BRUTE'S THOUGHT ABOUT WOMEN.—It matters very little how ugly she may be, a woman never sees a pretty one excepting in the looking-glass.—*Our own Rochefoucauld.*

ADVICE TO GAS MONOPOLISTS.—"Gentlemen, Flare up, or you may burn your fingers!"

QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION.

As befits a Knight companion
  Of the Order of the Fleece,
The *Nephew* of his Uncle
  Casts sheep's eyes upon his *Nice*.

But if this close attachment
  To a tie he dares to draw,
Let him beware lest Europe
  Invoke the *Canon* Law.

The Imperial *Idea*
  All *must* desire to please,
But such a union is within
  "Prohibited degrees."

SIMPLE, BUT AGRICULTURAL.—*Q.* What is the best time for sowing tares?—*A.* When the landlord goes round and collects his *rents*.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.—Eat cold pudding to settle your love; but don't do any thing which will induce you to settle your money.

ADVICE.—"Friend! Imitate the example of the railway engine. He is the greatest teetotaler running—can keep up for hours at the rate of forty, and even sixty miles an hour—and whistles over his work all the while; and yet he never takes any thing but water when he wants to wet his whistle!"

Elderly unmarried ladies are considered by some persons the least enviable of all kinds of *waiting-maids*.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend."—"Yes, I have been straitened by circumstances."

"Can't we make your lover jealous, Miss?"—"Oh, yes, Sir, I think we can, if we *put our heads together*."

Shrewd inquiries are being made whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer.

An Irish paper advertises, "Wanted, an able-bodied man as a washer-woman."

We know a poor fellow who takes the palm in all his quarrels with his wife. She slaps his face.

A lady, playfully condemning the wearing of mustaches, declared, "It is one of the fashions I set my face against!"

One person abusing another in the presence of Churchill, the poet, said, "He was so extremely stupid, that if you said a good thing he could not understand it."—"Pray, Sir," said Churchill, "did you ever try him?"

"Good-morning, Patrick," said a gentleman to his Irish laborer. "Slippery this morning."—"Slippery?—and be jabers, it is nothing else, your honor. Upon my word, and I slid down three times without getting up once!"

A Gascon officer, demanding his salary from the Minister of War, declared that he was in danger of dying with hunger. The Minister, who saw that his visage was full and ruddy, told him that his face contradicted his statement. "Ah, Sir," said he, "don't trust to that; this face is not mine, it belongs to my landlord, who has given me credit for a long time past!"

A new form of electro-biology has been evoked in Paris—all who choose are sent to sleep with a table-spoon placed between their eyes. The great amusement of a Paris *soirée* is to produce an attack of *hypnotisme*, as it is termed, and you see ladies holding their diamonds in their hands, and men armed with all the silver spoons they can lay hold of. The most extraordinary tales are told of the accidents brought about; and in one corner you are informed how Count —— was thrown into fits by looking at Madame V——'s diamond hair-comb; and in another, you catch the "authentic account" of Baron Y——'s squint produced by too steady contemplation of a well-polished gravy-spoon, and of which nothing in the world can cure him now.

TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE.—The man who marries happily.

GREAT SOCIAL QUESTIONS.—Which is the right side of twenty? What do you say to fourteen? Is twenty-one the wrong side? Should you call twenty-nine the wrong side of twenty, or the right side of thirty? Has forty any right side at all nearer than some figure under thirty? If there is a right side of forty, is it not that which is the nearer to threescore and ten?

THE SERVANT'S SUNDAY.—A lady, on hiring a servant girl in the country, told her, as a great indulgence, that she should have the liberty of attending church every Sunday, but that she would be expected to return home always immediately on the conclusion of service. The lady, however, found a positive objection raised against this apparently reasonable arrangement. "Na, na," said the lass, "I canna du that; I wadna gie the crack (conversation) o' the kirk-yard for a' the service."—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences of Scottish Character.*

A WORD IN THE SWELL VOCABULARY.—A young gentleman in an office at Somerset House was highly delighted by reading, in the letter of the Alexandrian correspondent of the *Morning Post*, the statement that the Suez canal, as contemplated by its projectors, would have to be excavated "by the labor of the fellahs of Egypt." "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "that fellah in the *Morning Post* is a deuced cleva fellah! Knows how to spell fellah. Those other fellahs deuced clever fellahs too—those phonetic fellahs—spell fellah same way. Shall always spell it so myself in fuchaw. Wish all the wawk a have to do to-day had to be executed by the labaw of those Egyptian fellahs."

ALLITERATIONS.—The following stanza is more curious than cogent:

Waxed weary with watching, wet Wednesday wanes
  away,
Dim darkness dispersing, down darts distinct day,
The travelling tinker to town trips along.
Still solemnly singing some singular song.

Things bought as "great bargains" are mostly parted with afterward at "a tremendous sacrifice."

A man in battle is not allowed to whistle to keep his courage up, and the whistling of the bullets doesn't have that tendency.

She that marries a man because he is a "good match" must not be surprised if he turns out a "Lucifer."

It is said that the Tartars invite a man to drink by gently pulling his ear. A good many of our people will "take a pull" without waiting to have their ears pulled.

A reliable swell declares that he lately danced one evening with three young ladies, the united circumference of whose dresses amounted to a hundred yards.

An old toper chanced to drink a glass of water one day for want of something stronger. Smacking his lips and turning to one of his companions, he remarked, "Why, it don't taste badly. I have no doubt 'tis wholesome for females and tender children!"

IT'S A BAD RULE THAT DOESN'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

SWELL. "I want you to measure me for a vest, please."

DRESSMAKER. "You mistake yourself. We do not make here but the robes of ladies."

SWELL. "Ya-as, I know; but what's a man to do? The women are all getting their things made by tailors, and there's no getting any thing done."

A gentleman replied to a female vagrant who accosted him that he never gave to beggars in the street. "If I knew where your honor lived," quickly responded the woman, "I'd be after calling at your house, and then I shouldn't interfere with your arrangements." An accommodating beggar that.

A SOLDIER'S JOKE.—An *on dit* from the camp of Aldershott states that Colonel H——, who is a rigid disciplinarian, lately issued an order that the men's hair should be cut closer; next morning, on parade, he pointed out four fellows whose hair had not been cut close enough, and on the following day called the same men to the front, when a titter ran through the company, which soon broke out into a decided laugh. On the four men being directed to take off their caps they presented four bare skulls, having cut their hair as close as if their heads had been shaved. The gallant colonel good-humoredly joined in the laugh, but afterward said he should not like strangers to be laughing at them, and then ordered the four men to be confined to their barracks for six weeks, when it might be supposed their hair would be grown sufficiently long for them to appear in public. The men little anticipated such an end to their joking.

Major B—— had a servant whose simplicity was almost incredible. When the Major told him to deny him to all visitors, he carried out the order to the exclusion of the Major's own brother. When instructed, then, by his master that he was always at home to his brother, John so well remembered his instructions that when the brother next called he was immediately shown in; but after waiting half an hour alone he summoned John to know the reason of the Major's non-appearance. The literal servant told him very simply that the Major had gone out to dinner, but that the general order was, "Always at home to my brother." On the next occasion John received still more explicit orders, and if the Major's brother should call in his absence he was to be told that Major B—— was gone to the general's to dinner. John, however, fearful of again making a mistake, rushed into the dining-room, some time after, where his master sat at table at the general's, and, in an anxious voice, exclaimed, "But, Major, what am I to say if your brother does not call at all?"

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